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The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly
Review of Literature,
Art & Life*

Vol.
XXXVIII

June, 1901

No.
6

Egeria at Brighton
by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie

Art at the Pan-American Exposition
by Christian Brinton

Sidney Lee on Shakespeare and Patriotism

Conversation between William Archer and
Stephen Phillips

Leslie Stephen writes of the late
George Murray Smith

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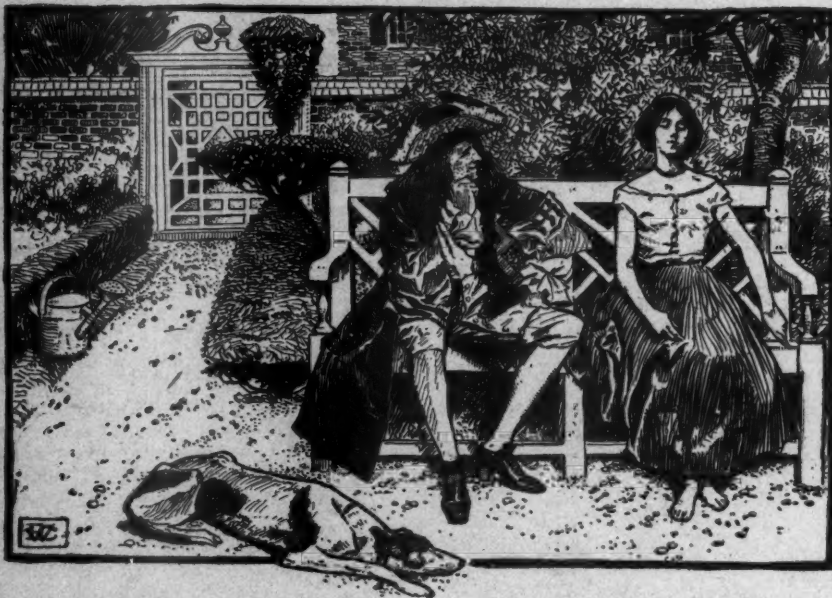
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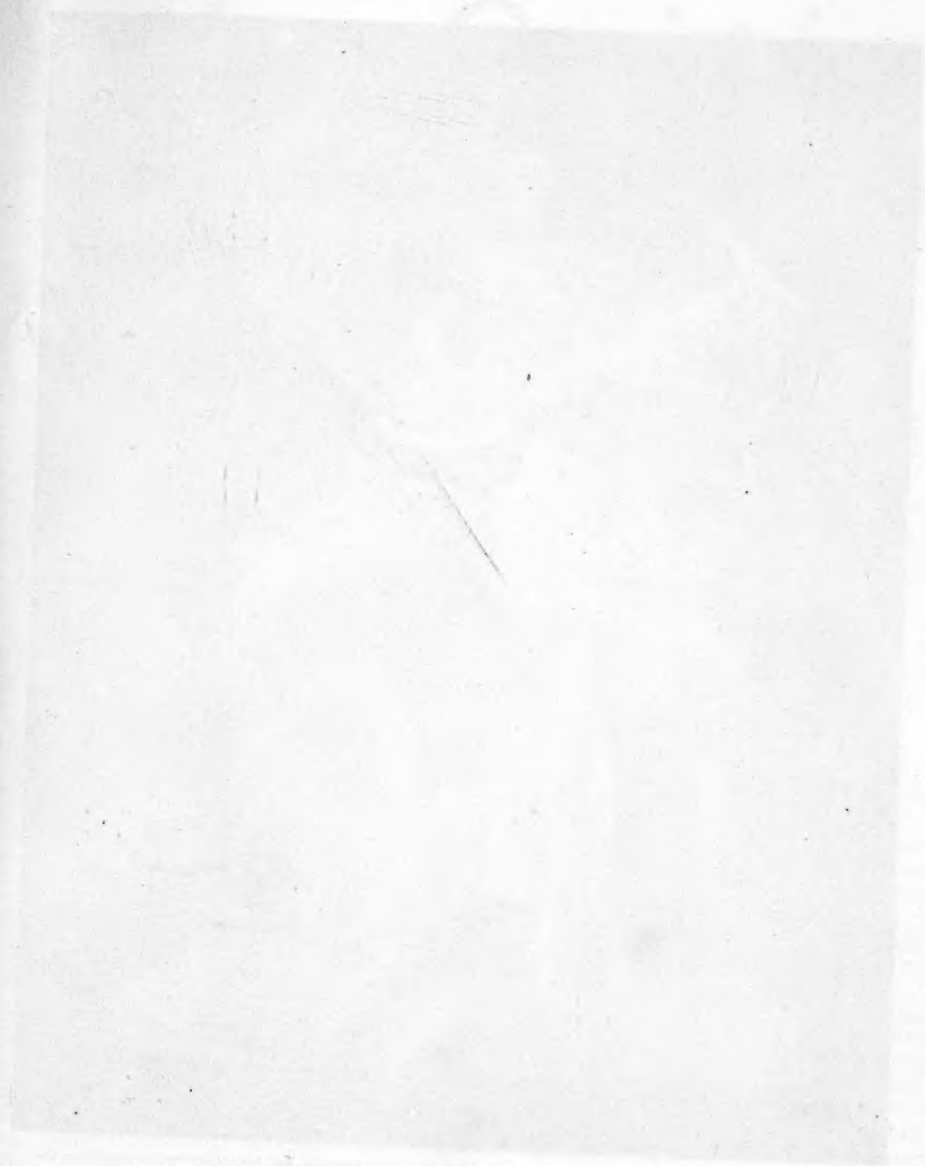
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"THE DESPOTIC AGE" *
By Isidore Konti

* See page 512

The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature Art and Life*

Vol. XXXVIII

JUNE, 1901

No. 6

The Lounger

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN made the mistake, not infrequently made by young authors, of selling outright her first book, "Ships that Pass in the Night." Unfortunately this was Miss Harraden's most successful book. In the May number of *The Bookman* she airs her grievance. All that she made out of "Ships," which sold by the tens of thousands in one form or another, was a paltry one hundred and twenty-five pounds, about six hundred dollars. One might think from her complaint that she had been unfairly treated by her authorized American publishers. As a matter of fact, Messrs. Putnam did more than their contract called for. They paid the English publishers, who said that they had bought all rights from the author, the sum asked, and they paid a further sum to Miss Harraden on the score of good will. The rights that they bought from the English publishers were only moral rights, for the book, by some mischance, had not been copyrighted in this country. Pirated editions cropped up on all sides. The authorized publishers had no protection, as they knew they would not have when they paid Miss Harraden and her English publishers. The sale of their edition was practically stopped by the cheap reprints with which the mar-

ket was flooded. "Moral rights" are very much like virtue; they have no commercial value, and their reward lies only in the possession of a clear conscience. I am very sorry for Miss Harraden, but I think that her grievance is with her English publisher, who had all the protection of copyright, and not with her authorized American publishers, who had none.

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* Mr. Volney Streamer is the compiler of a curiously interesting list of "Book Titles from Shakespeare," daintily printed for circulation among his friends. Mr. Streamer thinks that the first use of Shakespeare as a title maker is Leigh Hunt's "Table Talk"; then follow Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," and Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Within the last twenty years Shakespeare has been drawn upon more freely than ever before. Mr. Howells heads the list with thirteen Shakespearian titles. "Hamlet" has furnished the most titles, then "As You Like It," with "Macbeth" and "Othello" following. Mr. Streamer thinks that the work of title taking from Shakespeare is only just begun. There are enough suggestive lines in his plays to keep a generation of writers going.

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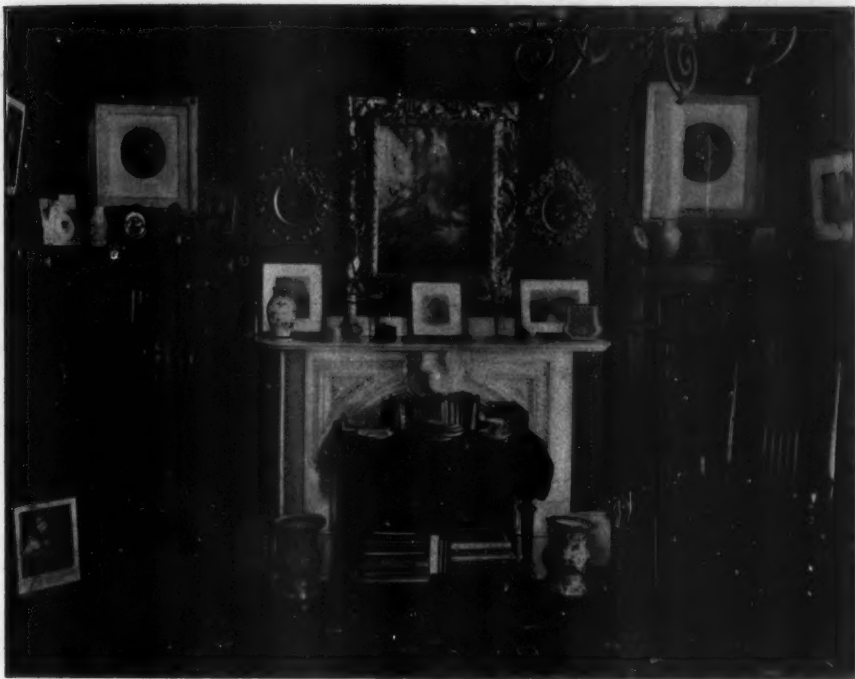
MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton was a successful poet from the start. At fifteen her verses were eagerly accepted, at eighteen she had published a volume of poems and stories that sold to the extent of fifteen thousand copies, and six weeks after leaving boarding-school she married her publisher, Mr. William Moulton. Mr. Moulton took his young bride to Boston and she soon became a conspicuous factor in the literary life of that city. Her "at homes" in the house where she still lives, 28 Rutland Square, were famous. Though so closely identified with Boston Mrs. Moulton is almost equally well known in London, where her transplanted "at homes" were conspicuous as bringing together much that was interesting in the literary life of that city. Mrs. Moulton has spent more time than usual in her Boston

home during the past few years. It is a comfortable old house, and her library is not only filled with books, but is bright and attractive with signed photographs and other reminders of her hosts of friends. One of her schoolmates and earliest friends was James McN. Whistler, specimens of whose youthful genius adorn her walls.



The question of signed or unsigned reviews is again disturbing the tranquillity of the English reviewer. Most writers prefer to sign what they write, but not all editors wish to have them do so. When THE CRITIC was a weekly, I argued for unsigned reviews. Now there seem to be reasons for signing those at least that are printed in the body of the magazine. *The Spectator* and *The Athenæum* still adhere to the old order of things.



MRS. MOULTON'S STUDY IN HER BOSTON HOME

The Whitefriars Club, in London, appears to have become one of the more prominent of English literary associations. This old Bohemian club of authors and pressmen had been somewhat moribund until recently, when new life was introduced into its proceedings by an energetic secretary, through whose organizing ability it has become a centre of literary interest and a favorite meeting-place of literary workers. Among its members are included such men as George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Hall Caine, Anthony Hope, and Mark Twain. A chief attraction of the Whitefriars Club is the set conversations, or debates, which take place round the dinner table on Friday evenings. A subject, usually a bookish one, is pre-arranged, and the conversation is opened by an address from a prominent literary member or guest. The speeches are not reported in the newspapers, but during the past winter Anthony Hope has opened a discussion on literary criti-

cism, Conan Doyle has spoken on his own art of fiction, I. Zangwill on plagiarism, Benjamin Swift on Philistinism, Coulson Kernahan on the humors of reading for a publisher, Clement K. Shorter on Napoleon literature, and Max O'Rell on the humors of the press.



Women writers occasionally join in the socialities of the Whitefriars Club, and at the annual ladies dinner, held at the Hotel Cecil on May 3d, Miss Marie Corelli was down to respond to the toast of "Sovran Woman," proposed by "Ian Maclaren," while to Mrs. Flora Annie Steel fell the toast of "Mere Man." In June the Whitefriars and their ladies are to make a pilgrimage into Wessex with Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is to conduct them through the scenes associated with his Wessex novels and to entertain them at a garden party at his home in Dorchester.



THE STOLEN GAINSBOROUGH
(Recently purchased by Mr. J. P. Morgan)

The theft and recovery of Gainsborough's famous "Duchess of Devonshire" serves to recall another and somewhat similar incident which seems to have slipped the minds of most commentators on the present episode—the stealing of the Suffolk pictures from Carlton Park. On this occasion not one but twelve well-known canvases were cut out of their frames and sequestered for a number of years, being finally recovered through the fact that the thief, who proved to be an ex-butler in the service of the family, sent one of the pictures to be cleaned.

Despite the opinion of many experts, notably of the late Sir John Millais, who always doubted its genuineness, the "Duchess" brought the Agnews a handsome profit on its recent acquisition by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, their purchase price having been 10,100 guineas. The identity of the sitter seems to be quite as absorbing a puzzle as the question of authenticity, for there is little doubt that she is not the celebrated beauty of whom Walpole wrote, "her youth, vigor, flowing good nature, sense, and lively modesty, and modest familiarity, make her a phenomenon," but most probably the Duke's second wife, Lady Elizabeth Foster, *née* Hervey, daughter of the Earl of Bristol, a woman, by the way, hardly less lovely than her predecessor.



Mr. Barry Pain, the author of "Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters," first made a hit in an undergraduate magazine, *The Granta*, at Cambridge. When he came to London to follow up this success, his first book, a somewhat juvenile performance, called "In a Canadian Canoe," was so severely "slated" by Mr. Andrew Lang that every editor in London thought the punishment too great for the crime. Hence, work began to pour in on Mr. Pain, and in a short time he had more than he could do. He contributes several weekly "causeries" to papers, and is the author of clever articles in *To-Day*. These are written in cockney dialect, and an omnibus driver was once asked what he thought of them.



MR. BARRY PAIN

"He knows a bloomin' lot about 'osses," said the omnibus driver, "but he can't spell." A London editor, who was much struck by an unsigned article in a Cambridge magazine, wrote to the Cambridge editor and asked for the author's name, as he was "anxious to encourage rising talent." The editor wrote back to say that it was talent which had already risen, for the writer was Barry Pain. "I'm used to being discovered," was the remark attributed to Mr. Pain when he heard of the incident. Mr. Pain has written several novels and school stories, and, apart from his humorous work, possesses a very sweet and delicate fancy; he can also be terribly grim. It is rumored that he is now writing a play. This, with occasional lectures, fills up all his spare time. He is still a young man, and means one day to write a great book.



As THE CRITIC goes to press Mr. N. C. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott are appearing in a grand revival of the "Merchant of Venice," Mr.



Burr McIntosh Studio

MR. N. C. GOODWIN AS SHYLOCK

Goodwin personating for the first time Shylock and Miss Elliott to be seen for the first time as the bewitching Portia. The two leading characters have re-

cently been to Mr. Burr McIntosh's studio to be photographed in costume, and I take pleasure in presenting a reproduction of the result.



Burr McIntosh Studio

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AS PORTIA

Notwithstanding the fact that Shakespeare rarely makes money for an actor nowadays, there is hardly one of any prominence who does not aspire

to interpret one or more of his great characters. Comedians, strange as it may seem, turn instinctively to tragedy. Mr. Sothorn has already appeared

as Hamlet and Mr. Gillette, it is said, will soon be seen in that character. Mr. Goodwin aspires to play Shylock, as I have said, and so it goes. The ambition is a noble one and showshow the actors feel toward the immortal playwright. Their attitude is complimentary if not reverential.

I remember once, in the days before "Uncle Tom's Cabin" invaded the stage of the Academy of Music, seeing the late Edward Sothorn and the late W. J. Florence play a scene from "Othello" on those classic boards. Sothorn was Othello and Florence Iago. They played their parts in dead earnest, but an unbelieving audience insisted that it was a practical joke of those inveterate jokers and laughed the performance through, much to the wrath of the actors.

The Board of Education of New York, having given vertical writing what it believes to be a sufficient test, has decided against it. My preference is for vertical as against Spencerian. A good handwriting, however, is what we are after and do not seem by way of getting. The penmanship of the average school boy and girl is atrociously

bad. If you want to prove the truth of what I say, advertise for clerical assistance and see what sort of hands the answers are written in. I should like to adopt in our schools the same system as that used in England. I do not know what it is called. I only know the result, which is a neat, bold hand with no flourishes or shading to mar it. The average English chambermaid writes a better hand than the average American lady.

Mr. John Luther Long is conspicuous among authors for his very inconspicuity. By hard persuasion he has allowed me to reproduce his photo-



Courtesy of the

MR. JOHN LUTHER LONG

Century Co.



MR. FRANCIS W. HALSEY

graph. When I asked for autobiographical notes he replied that there were none.

I have had no career [he writes],—that describes something much too elevated for me. Does n't it speak to you of a high and strenuous holding to a noble course? Well—I am only a loafer. The little I have done has happened. Miss Cherry-Blossom was absolutely an accident—the rest incidents. Print anything you like about my books, I like people to like THEM,—and about me—nothing. Except—yes—that I did live in Japan—IN SOME FORMER RE-INCARNATION, and the devas did quite close the doors behind me.

Mr. Long's beautiful "Madame Butterfly" has been as popular as a

play as it was as a story. He is working on another play now with Mr. Belasco.

I am sure that the readers of THE CRITIC will be glad to see this portrait of the editor of the *Times Saturday Review*. It is a fairly good likeness as photographs go, but it does not give the pleasant impression that one gets from a personal interview with Mr. Halsey. Although a very busy editor, Mr. Halsey has found time to write a book on "The Old New York Frontier," that meant many hours of patient research. Mr. Halsey has been a journalist ever since he graduated from Cornell in 1873. He has been with the New York *Times* since 1880, and as editor of the *Times Saturday Review* has made a

wide and enviable reputation.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who has presided at so many dinners in honor of other men, had the pleasure of eating one in honor of himself at the University Club some nights ago. Mr. Mabie is a conspicuous figure in American literature to-day. Through his books and his lectures he reaches thousands of people every year. Mr. Mabie is not exactly a critic. He is a lover of books, and he leads his public to the wells of English undefiled, at which it is their fault if they do not drink.



A NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE IN WINTER
(From the painting by E. M. Taber)

The recent Memorial Exhibition of paintings and drawings by Edward Martin Taber at the Fine Arts Building, in West Fifty-seventh Street, has given many the opportunity to appreciate a talent singularly delicate in quality and untrammelled in its expression. Mr. Taber studied but a few months, during the winter of 1887-88, with Abbott H. Thayer, and hence his work reflects a freshness of conception and of interpretation which seldom survives long apprenticeship. Almost all Mr. Taber's paintings are of scenery in the vicinity of Stowe, Vermont, and they are touched throughout by an intimate sympathy with variations of time and season, of light and shade. Mr. Taber was surely working out his æsthetic formula in a manner both simple and sincere, and had unquestionably done his share toward widening the scope of landscape painting.

The *Chicago Tribune* has published a story on the authority of a Mrs. John G. Aldrich, declaring that "The Breadwinners" was written by Miss Ida Harris, of Champaign, Ill., who died a short time ago after having confessed to its authorship. Mrs. Aldrich says that further facts and details will be set forth in Miss Harris's will. Of course, neither Miss Harris nor any other woman wrote "The Breadwinners." No woman could have written it, and no woman did write it. It was written by a man, who, for reasons which seem to him to be good and sufficient, does not care to acknowledge the authorship. The editor of the *Century Magazine*, which published "The Breadwinners" as a serial, knows who wrote the story, and he knows that it was not Miss Harris. He refuses, however, either to deny or to affirm, for by so doing he might betray the real author.

It is rather a curious coincidence that the original of Col. Farnham the hero of "The Breadwinners," had the same name as the claimant. Col. William Hamilton Harris was the intimate friend of Col. John Hay, and they both lived in Cleveland, the Bluffton of the story. Colonel Harris died in Genoa in 1895. At the time of his death his relation to "The Breadwinners" was mentioned in this department of THE CRITIC.



A good book gone wrong is what one might say of the Sothern acting edition of "Hamlet" published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. The letter-press and general make-up are most attractive, but like a slap in the face are the ordinary half tones printed on dead white paper. They spoil an otherwise handsome and artistic bit of book-making.



A London publisher has "published" a pen. One of his authors says this new pen will increase the inkshed of the world, in which case the publisher will have much to answer for. True, but if this new pen has all the qualities claimed for it, it will be welcome. I should think it a difficult matter, however, to make a pen to suit all hands. My own experience is a different pen for every few pages, when I am not playing on my own type-writing machine. A pen must run very smoothly not to tire the hand. There is much also in ink, and even more in paper. So after all the pen is no more important than either of these.



Mrs. Henry Norman, who as the "Girl in the Karpathians" took the reading world by storm some years ago, has a novel about to be published called "Which is Love." Another lady who has not written anything for some time past is Mrs. William Heine-mann, Kassandra Vivaria, who has a novel nearly ready for publication by her husband's firm. It will be called "The Garden of Olives."

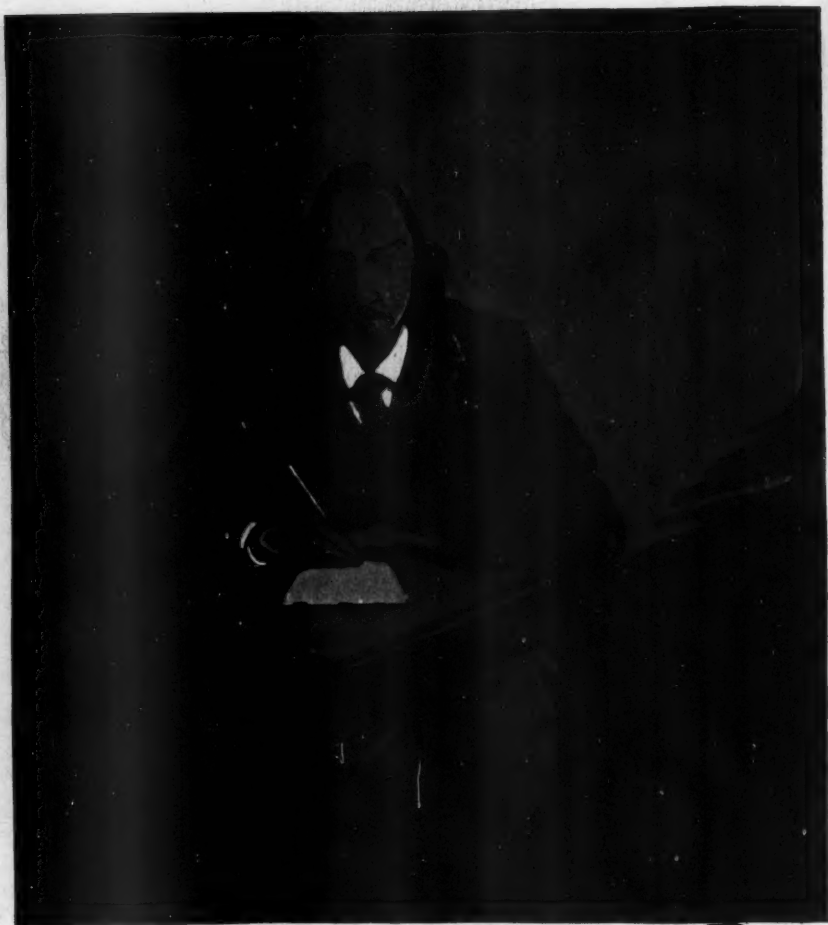


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by R. H. Russell

MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET
From the painting by J. W. Alexander

Mme. Sarah Grand comes next to Miss Marie Corelli in the matter of "answering back" when the reviewers of her books do not please her. She has just given vent to her indignation at a Liverpool reviewer who confessed that he could not read more than eleven pages of "Babs the Impossible." In scoring the reviewer, Mme. Grand incidentally pats Liverpool on the back by calling attention to her "illustrious record for the nursing of the arts in the splendid lap of her magnificent cityhood." When Liverpool has had time to get at the meaning of this strange arrangement of words she may be grateful to Mme. Grand for an implied compliment.



R.L. Stevenson.

C. de FORNARO.

William Nicholson.

STEVENSON—NICHOLSON

In Winter I sat up all night
To think of grewsome things to write;
In Summer, quite the other way,
I plucked some garden verse each day.

And does it not seem strange to you
That Nicholson this picture drew?
For though I'm dead, I am not half
So dead as dear old Beggarstaff.

No recent novel has stirred up managers and dramatizers as has Miss Bertha Runkle's "The Helmet of Navarre." By the time two installments were printed in the *Century Magazine* applications from managers poured in. It would not take a very astute manager to see that there was a good play in this story, as it is full of action. It has been dramatized and will be put upon the stage in good time. Miss Elisabeth Marbury represents Miss Runkle in the matter. It is the intention of those who have the dramatic interests of this book in hand that it shall be put into acting form with pen and ink and not with paste pot and shears. The day of the book play will soon come to an end if managers are satisfied to have a play thrown together in the belief that the name of the book will carry it. "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," and "To Have and To Hold," are flagrant examples of the paste-and-shears drama. A book play should be made just as carefully as a play that has not first seen the light in book form. A clumsy play made from a popular novel will have a short success, but it will have no lasting value. A good book is a good basis for a play, but the play's the thing after all.

Miss Runkle was at her summer home at Onteora, in the Catskills, when she received a letter saying that the story would first be published in the *Century Magazine*, and inclosing a check for the serial rights. A smile of the most intense satisfaction passed over her face as she held the check out for her mother to see, and subsequent developments have left that smile in possession of her features.

One of the first things that she did with her newly acquired wealth was to buy a pony and cart. She got the worth of her money out of that pony over those mountain roads, and when the season was over and Onteora became too cold for comfort she and her mother drove all the way down to New York. It took them three days or more, but they enjoyed every moment

of the trip, and I believe it is their intention to drive back.

If you should see Bertha Runkle walking or driving around Onteora in a short skirt, with her hair hanging in two thick braids down her back, you would never suspect that she was the author of one of the most popular novels of the day. Nor would you suspect it any more if you saw her in evening dress dancing at one of the Inn's informal "hops." There is nothing of the blue stocking about this young woman. She is just as simple-minded as any of the other girls of her age, and just as eager for a good time. This would not be so surprising if her book were a "trashy" or sentimental novel, but when one considers its wit, its imagination, its knowledge of history, and its clever workmanship, one cannot but exclaim. I do not think "The Helmet of Navarre" the most wonderful book ever written, but I think that it belongs to the best of its class. Stories of adventure are not my favorites. I would rather have written "Eugenie Grandet" than "The Three Guardsmen," "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" than "A Gentleman of France," but that is a matter of taste.

The Paris *Gaulois* publishes a letter written by Sienkiewicz addressed to M. Ange Galdemar in which the author of "Quo Vadis" says of the beginnings of that world-famous novel:

Seven years ago, while in Rome, I visited the city and neighborhood, my Tacitus in my hand. I may say that my idea was already ripe, and I had only then to find my starting point. The chapel of "Quo Vadis," the sight of the basilica of Saint Peter, the Tre Fontane, the Albanian mountains provided it. Upon my return to Warsaw I began my historical studies, and my interest in the subject grew apace. Such is the genesis of "Quo Vadis." These explanations are too brief, too dry, for I should not omit my personal feelings, my visit to the Catacombs, the luminous landscape always surrounding the Eternal City, and the aqueducts seen at sunset or at dawn.

"Quo Vadis" is being played with great success at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris.



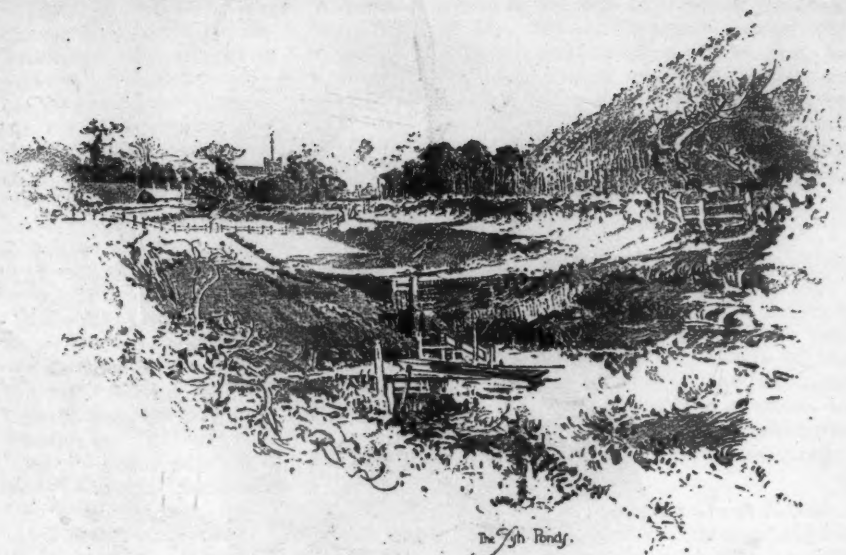
The View from Gardens

WHITE'S SELBORNE

The illustrations of Selborne here given are by Herbert Railton and were taken from a new edition (Lippincott), of "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne and a Garden Kalendar." This edition is edited by R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D., with an introduction to the "Garden Kalendar" by the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. I will not say that this is a more beautiful edition than the one with Mr. New's illustrations but it is very attractive.

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The second performance of "In a Balcony" by Mrs. LeMoyne, Mr. Otis Skinner, and Miss Eleanor Robson was if anything better than the first. The present generation of theatre-goers has seen few impersonations worthy to be ranked with Mrs. LeMoyne's Queen. If this fine actress never played any other part her presence on the stage would be more than justified. I should like, however, to see Julia Marlowe as Constance. Possibly, I may some day have that pleasure. I am sure that Miss Marlowe would fill the bill in every particular.



WHITE'S SELBORNE

Plans for the proposed reprint of *The Dial* by the Rowfant Club are now complete and the first number is ready. The reprint is an exact reproduction of the original even to the covers. Mr. George Willis Cooke, who is an acknowledged authority with regard to everything connected with *The Dial*, edited the reprint. He will also prepare a supplementary volume to be of the same size and binding as the others, which will contain an account of the origin of the Transcendental movement in this country; a history of the Transcendental Club, in which *The Dial* originated; a complete account of the editing and publication of *The Dial*, together with the correspondence connected therewith; details of the connection of the principal contributors with the magazine; biographical sketches of all the known lesser contributors; an account of the relations of the magazine to the Brook Farm and other movements of the day; the subsequent history of the periodical, and other biographical items of interest, and a complete index. In preparing this volume Mr. Cooke has had access to the unpublished correspondence of Emerson,

Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, and others, and has had the personal aid of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Frank Sanborn, A. B. Alcott, and many other persons more or less intimately connected with this unique periodical and the Transcendental movement in all its phases.



Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has taken up her permanent residence in San Francisco. There she has built a house overlooking the bay, and has filled it with interesting memorials of her famous husband. Among these are many manuscripts, finished and unfinished. These are stored in secret closets and fire-proof vaults. Adjoining and forming part of her house is that of her son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and his family. It was in San Francisco that Mrs. Stevenson married her husband and it was her home before she met him. It is not unnatural that she should make it her home now. Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Stevenson's daughter, is living in Philadelphia, to be near her son, who is engaged in business in that city.

The fifth volume in Harper's American novel series is by Mr. Edward W. Townsend, the creator of "Chimmie Fadden." It is a story of New York life, in the slums and in "high society." In the course of its pages Mr. Townsend lets the reader into the secrets of "bossism" and kindred ills. His heroine is a daughter of the slums whose mother inherits a fortune from a brother who made it as a contractor. A similar incident came to my attention only a short time ago. The town pauper in a certain New England hamlet came into a quarter of a million dollars and a brown-stone house on Murray Hill, to his intense surprise and endless delight, by the death of a relative, a rich New York contractor. The old folks will probably not get into "society," but their granddaughter, a pretty girl, may, if properly chaperoned, be among the most promising "buds" in a season or two. An author need go no farther than fact for his fiction.

Mrs. Edith Wharton's long novel, mentioned some months ago as being in process of writing, is now finished and in the hands of her publishers, the Scribners. It is called "The Valley of Decision," and the scene is laid in Italy.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (Mrs. Stephen Townsend) has transferred her publishing business, for the time being, from Messrs. Scribner to the F. A. Stokes Co. In England she has gone from Messrs. F. A. Warne & Co., who have always published her books in that country, to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Changing publishers is a new method of business. In old times, an author stayed with one house; to-day he drops his line into new waters and whips all the streams that flow into the great ocean of popularity.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson has joined the ranks of abandoned farmers. He has recently purchased an old farm of seventy-five acres in Connecticut,

where he intends to work all summer. If Mr. Seton-Thompson makes the plow as remunerative as the pen, he will find hosts of authors following his lead, and the next thing we shall be confronted with will be an abandoned-farm syndicate to run up the price of these attractive, if tumble-down, places.

Mr. Elsworth Lawson, in whose "Euphrosyne and Her Golden Book" the publishers, Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co., think they have found a rare bit of literature, is the pastor of the First Congregational Church in Montclair, New Jersey. Mr. Lawson is an Englishman by birth and, according to his own account, of humble parentage, for he writes:

I was born in a little market town of Yorkshire—Otley near by Leeds, famous for its printing machines. We were very poor, my father being, like Simon of old, a tanner. Mother died shortly after I was born, and my step-mother, who was a beautiful and good woman of the servant class, died when I was twelve years old. My father died when I was twenty. So now there are but three of us—my two sisters still live in Otley. . . . It is one of the deepest joys in my life that my father lived until he knew that my work was found at last. He was a poor, ignorant artisan, but with the soul of one of God's gentlemen within him. He was a Methodist class-leader, and the most holy and devout man I ever knew. I don't believe he ever missed praying morning, noon, and night for many years. Soon after I was converted I passionately desired to preach. Scarcely anybody but my father believed I would make a preacher. At that time I stammered fearfully, but I got admission into a training home, similar to Moody's, and stayed three and a half years, preaching in the open air, selling Bibles, etc., and generally learning my business. All that time I had been reading prodigiously, and was allowed to enter the ministry without going to a theological college because I was thought good enough. So I have never been to college, to my great and irreparable loss.

Ever since "The Gadfly" was written and long before it was published, Mrs. Voynich, its author, has been busy on a novel which she calls "Jack Raymond." All through the exciting days of her visit to America she was

thinking of "Jack" and writing of him whenever she had a chance. Finally the story was finished, and now I hear that Lippincott, and not Holt, is to publish it. The story is a daring one; so was "The Gadfly," but this exemplifies another kind of daring. A friend of the author who has read the manuscript of the novel writes:

The new novel, it seems likely, will arouse a discussion scarcely less bitter by reason of its bold grappling with a moral issue that has not been touched upon in recent fiction, so far as I am aware. "Jack Raymond" is a study of temperaments.



The "boom" in rare books as seen at the French sale must have been as exciting to Bostonians as the "boom" in stocks was to New Yorkers. The sale was a record-breaker and has filled the heart of the dealer in old books with joy. The collector, unless he be a millionaire, is not so joyful. And yet if he unearths any of these treasures in some out-of-the-way place and buys them at bargain rates he will have reason for wild rejoicing. A copy of Gray's "Odes" brought a record price at Sotheby's recently—£300. It was a first edition, and bore on the margins explanatory notes by the poet, and allusions to the sources of his inspiration. But £400 was paid for Gray's own copy of six poems, including this extra stanza to the "Elegy":

There Scater'd Oft (the earliest of the Year)

By Hands unseen, are Show'rs of Vilets found;
The Redbreast loves to Bill and Warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the Ground.



When Mr. Sidney Colvin thought that he would not have time to write the authorized biography of Robert Louis Stevenson he asked Mr. Graham Balfour, the latter's cousin, to undertake the work. Mr. Balfour accepted the task and his biography is nearly finished. Now Mr. Colvin finds that he has more time at his disposal than he anticipated, so he is going to write a biography of his friend also. In the language of Gilbert, "Here's a state of things!"

George E. Kellogg, father of the prima donna, Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch, died at New Hartford, Conn., on the 6th of last month. Mr. Kellogg was born at Pine Meadow, a little settlement adjoining New Hartford, June 19, 1812. He came of a long-lived race, his father and grandfather each having lived to be over ninety. Mr. Kellogg was a graduate of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. During his early married life he taught school in the South, and it was while teaching in Sumterville, South Carolina, that his daughter, the famous prima donna, was born. Mr. Kellogg was always a student and a man who loved research for its own sake. The study of shorthand was a pet hobby of his, and he was frequently called upon to testify in cases where an expert knowledge of that science was necessary. Anything that was scientific interested him. He was the inventor of a machine for making small chains, but, like most inventors, he reaped little more than glory from his inventions, but this was of little moment, as it has been the pleasure of his daughter to care for him for the past thirty years, ever since he gave up active business. Mr. Kellogg's remarkable vitality stood by him to the very end, and, though nearly in his ninetieth year, he thought nothing of climbing the hills around his daughter's home at New Hartford. He was interested in all matters of the day, particularly where they bore upon science, and his brain was a storehouse of scientific knowledge.



From the London *Daily Chronicle* I learn that there is now some expectation that Mr. John Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone" may be ready for publication next winter. At all events, it is so far advanced that the American publishers have been able to decide on the form in which they are to issue it. The American edition will be in two volumes, while the English one may be in three, although the point is not settled.

In Memoriam : George M. Smith

By LESLIE STEPHEN

BUT a short time ago Mr. George Smith was interesting readers of this magazine by drawing upon the stores of a memory familiar with literary history for the last sixty years. Mr. Smith had known the later survivors of the first generation of the nineteenth century, and was still actively interested in literary enterprise as the century closed. He had won the cordial good-will of innumerable authors besides publishing many of their best-known works. His death (6th April) puts an end to his own narrative, which might have revealed more fully than is now possible the secret of a most honorable and in some respects unique career. Enough, however, is known to justify the strong impression made upon his contemporaries. Here I can only attempt the briefest indication of what appeared to me to be the obvious qualities to which he owed not only success in business, but a most enduring hold upon the hearts of many friends.

I remember vividly my first interview with him. He was then about to start the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and enlisted me as a contributor. I felt as I suppose a sailor must feel when he joins a ship and sees a captain beaming with cheery hopefulness and masculine self-reliance. Obviously Smith was putting his whole heart into the enterprise, and though sanguine was cool-headed and had fully counted the cost. A good commander must, I take it, be in the first place a good man of business; and, conversely, Smith's faculty for business would have gone a long way to the making of a leader in war. His battles had to be fought in the law courts, not in the field; but, as he has shown in his recent papers, he thoroughly enjoyed such fighting as he could get. He liked the excitement of the struggle as well as the triumph over impostors. In early days he had shown that he possessed the necessary combination of sagacity and daring by taking charge of his

father's business, extricating it from difficulty, and extending its sphere of action. He was thoroughly at home in organizing and launching any new undertaking. When, in the sixth number of the *Cornhill*, Thackeray boasted pleasantly of some "late great victories," Smith had been the Carnot who had been making the necessary arrangement behind the scenes. The *Cornhill Magazine*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* after it, were new departures in their respective spheres; and the impression made by each is a sufficient proof of the forethought and unsparing energy which Smith brought to bear upon those undertakings. He showed the same spirit in many other directions. When once a business had been launched and passed into a comparatively humdrum stage of existence, he began to thirst for some new field of enterprise. On one side, of course, these undertakings might be regarded simply from the financial point of view. A man, as Johnson wisely remarks, can seldom be employed more innocently than in making money; and Smith, as a man of business, might claim the benefit of that dictum. But he would not have had positive claims upon public gratitude if he had not combined this with loftier aims. Though he had been immersed in business from very early youth, he took from the first a genuine pride in his association with the upper world of literature.

Both the *Cornhill* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* brought him into connection with the ablest writers of the time, and provided for many of them an opportunity of gaining a wide audience. The most conspicuous proof, however, of a disinterested love of culture was given by the "Dictionary of National Biography." The first suggestion was entirely due to Smith himself; although his original plan (for a universal biographical dictionary) was too magnificent to be carried out. His part in the work was also the essential one.

There would have been no difficulty in finding editors by the dozen; but if Smith had not been ready to incur a vast expenditure, and to take for remuneration only the credit of a good piece of work, another publisher could hardly have been found to take his place. Smith had shown that he could be a lavishly generous publisher in his dealings with Thackeray and George Eliot. In such cases, though a mean nature does not see it, generosity may also be the best policy; but in the case of the "Dictionary," the generosity was its own reward.

It was a pleasure to work with a man so much above petty considerations and so appreciative (sometimes, perhaps, beyond their merits) of men whose abilities lay in a less practical direction. The pleasure was the greater for another reason. Smith had the true chivalrous sentiment which makes thorough co-operation possible. He made me aware that he trusted me implicitly, that I could trust him equally. If anything went wrong—as things will go wrong sometimes with the most well-meaning editors—he was always ready to admit that it was the fault not of the editor but of the general perversity of things. Least of all would he ever seek to ignore his own share in any shortcoming. I sometimes thought that he carried his scrupulosity to excess. He was so anxious to show confidence and to avoid an irritating fault-finding that he would not interfere, even when a word of counsel might have done good. He was the last of men to say, "I told you so." A writer who had got into a serious scrape by an indiscreet publication, said to him, "Why did you not warn me?" He would not justify himself by producing (as he could have done) a copy of the letter in which the warning had been emphatically given. That was one instance of a delicacy of feeling which was the more striking because combined with thorough straightforwardness and contempt for petty diplomacy. He could be irascible when he had to do with a knave, and could fight strenuously as well as fairly against an honorable opponent.

But in all his dealings he was chivalrous to the backbone, equally incapable of striking an enemy a foul blow or of leaving a friend in the lurch.

It was not strange that such a man should win something more than sincere respect from his associates. Miss Brontë drew his portrait as he appeared to her in his early days in the Dr. John of "Villette," the gallant English gentleman, contemner of foppery and humbug, the ready champion of the weak, full of generous sympathy and the most sound-hearted affections. Soon afterwards he became the warm friend of Thackeray; his kindness had an opportunity in shielding an exquisitely sensitive nature from the worries of business, and there developed the warmest mutual regard. Thackeray would have been gratified but not surprised could it have been revealed to him that after his death his daughters would find in Smith the most helpful and affectionate of friends and advisers. The relation between Smith and one of those daughters has continued ever since; and she, as I well know, has valued it not only as in itself one of her best possessions, but as having been in old days a possession held in common with those who were dearest to her. Browning, whose insight was as keen as his nature was tender, became a most attached friend and spoke of their mutual confidence in his last hours. When Millais could no longer speak, he wrote that he should like to see "George Smith, the kindest man and the best gentleman I have had to deal with." Matthew Arnold and Smith delighted in each other, and Tom Hughes, most hearty and simple of men, found in Smith one of his most congenial friends. The men thus mentioned differed widely from each other, but all of them knew well what are the characteristics which give the best groundwork for solid and lasting friendship.

Smith impressed one first as a thorough man—masculine, unaffected, and fitted to fight his way through the world; but it was not long before one learnt to recognize the true and tender nature that went with the strength. It

would be superfluous to speak of my own experience by way of confirming the judgments of which I speak. Yet I must say a word of personal gratitude. For many years I was constantly at Waterloo Place, seeing Smith and our common friend James Payn. I had had the good luck to serve as the link to bring them together; and they cordially appreciated each other. From those meetings I rarely came away without a charming—though often scandalously irrelevant—talk with one or other, and to me, as to Payn, Smith was always the gallant comrade, certain to take a bright view and to set

one on better terms with oneself. I never had a word from him which left a sting; and many a fit of gloom has been dispelled by his hearty sympathy. He was a friend to be relied upon in any trouble; but, trouble or none, his sympathy was one of the permanent elements that spoke good cheer and courage in the dark moments of life. To me, as to many friends, the loss is a heavy one; the world will be to me darker and colder. I cannot even speak of those nearer to him; or I can only intimate the conviction that the necessary silence makes it impossible to do justice to his real beauty of character.



By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

O LOVE, could I but take the hours
That once I spent with thee,
And mint them all in coined gold—
What should I purchase that would hold
Their worth in joy to me?
Ah, love,—another hour with thee!





Real Conversations*

RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER

Conversation III.—With Mr. Stephen Phillips

SCENE: *The Smoking Room of the — Club. Date, March, 1901.*

W. A. I am glad you could shake off your Old Man of the Sea, and spare me an evening.

Mr. Phillips. My Old Man of the Sea?

W. A. Ulysses, of course.

Mr. Phillips. Oh, as yet I am only sketching out the play. Besides, I can't really work in this weather. Can you?

W. A. I have to, whether I can or not. We poor devils of journalists can't pick and choose our moods, as you lordly poets can—and must, no doubt. If we had to use our imagination—

Mr. Phillips. I thought journalists did occasionally fall back on that faculty. Though for that matter I have found by experience that some of them not only have no imagination themselves, but resent it in others.

W. A. By experience, eh? Not, surely, in the case of your plays? I have only to-day been reading Mr. Gosse's remark as to the reception of "Paolo and Francesca," that "this time the complacency of the critics was so universal as to be almost alarming." And as for "Herod," I should have thought—

Mr. Phillips. Yes, yes; "Herod," too, was very well treated on the whole, and I have no reason to complain of the acceptance it has met with.

W. A. Complain, indeed! Why, it was a triumph! If any one had predicted ten—five—even three years ago, that such a poem, by a living English author, would be produced on the London stage, would be received with enthusiasm, and would run—how many nights did it run?

Mr. Phillips. Eighty performances.

W. A. Yes, and at such a large house as Her Majesty's, where one audience is almost equivalent to two at an ordinary theatre—

Mr. Phillips. An acting-manager has told me that he reckons eighty nights at Her Majesty's as about equal to a hundred and forty at the Haymarket or the St. James's.

W. A. Well, as I was saying, if any one three years ago had predicted such a success for such a play, we should all have laughed him to scorn. I am sometimes reckoned an extravagant optimist with regard to the English stage; but until that night—you remember?—when you read me "Paolo and Francesca," even my optimism stopped short of imagining a revival of living poetic drama.

Mr. Phillips. But you don't quite understand. I am not for a moment saying that "Herod" did not have all the success it deserved; but it is a little disconcerting to find people bent on denying the success it actually had. One used to think that God Himself could not undo the past; but what is

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possible to God is child's-play to the theatrical paragraphist. He can unmake history and change a success into a failure at a stroke of his pen. "Eighty performances!" he says—I assure you I am quoting almost literally, and not from one paper but from several—"Eighty performances! After this we may safely dismiss the poetic drama. The bubble has burst. The boom has collapsed"—and so on, through the whole litany of their marvellous metaphors. Of course all this does n't really remake the past; it does n't alter the facts; but it helps to make the future difficult, not only for me—one man is no great matter—but for every one who tries to do imaginative work. It engenders in the public mind a prejudice, a misgiving, an instinctive association of poetry with failure, that is very hard to fight against.

W. A. Yes, the paragraphist is a serious evil, no doubt. He is more influential than the critic, because he has "damnable iteration" at his command. By his policy of pin-pricks he can tattoo a prejudice upon the public mind, that nothing will eradicate. And then, as you say, he can distort facts. The critic only gives his opinion; and though it often carries ridiculous weight with the unsophisticated public, it is after all nothing but an opinion, which will probably be contradicted in the next paper the reader opens. But the paragraphist professes to give, not opinions, but ascertained results. His assertions, especially as to "what the public wants," are put forward not as the haphazard guesses they are, but rather as careful generalizations from what is assumed to be "inside knowledge." He lives by making talk about the drama, and when there are not enough of even the most trumpery facts to fill a column, he pads it out with theories. He spends half his time in jumping to conclusions from ludicrously inadequate premises—or from none at all. I heard the other day of a manager—or at any rate a manager's agent—who rejected a play of the Civil War on the ground that "the public did n't want Charles I. costumes." He thought very highly

of the piece; but he had his finger on the public pulse, and found it tick out (by a sort of Morse Code, I suppose) the order, "No Cavaliers and Roundheads!" The fact was that a perfectly futile and feeble play on the subject of Cromwell had failed about a year before; and no doubt this gentleman and his paragraphist cabinet had laid their heads together and decided that the whole period must be tabooed.

Mr. Phillips. Tell me, Archer, is there no hope of awakening the editors of newspapers to the monstrous injustice and absurdity of the way in which they treat the drama? I said I had no reason to complain of the reception of "Herod," but I withdraw the remark. Of one paper I had reason to complain, and do and shall complain, not on personal grounds—the harm it did the play was only temporary—but because of the manifest unreason involved in its policy, and the deadening effect it must necessarily have on all imaginative effort. You know, of course, the paper I mean—

W. A. When hostility to the higher drama is in question, there can be no doubt what paper you have in mind. I hope it accorded you the honor of its contumely.

Mr. Phillips. It is all very well to treat the thing lightly, but it is a serious matter for the future of the drama. You may judge what was said of "Herod" from one little incident. On the morning after the production, before I had read the papers, I noticed a visible embarrassment in the demeanor of the station-master and porters (very good friends of mine) at the roadside station where I take the train for town. At last the station-master came up to me, very much as you might to the chief-mourner at a funeral, and said: "Well, well, sir, we must n't take these things too much to heart." "What do you mean?" I asked. "I saw all about it in *The Paper*," he said—as if there were only one in all England. He had received the impression that the play was a dead failure; and you know whether that impression was a just one, either as regards its first-night reception, or its chances of popularity.

W. A. But did Mr. Blank's disapprobation do the play any harm? The influence of *The Paper* in theatrical matters must have declined enormously of late years.

Mr. Phillips. The play suffered at first, though it very soon righted itself. But I am not thinking merely of the business effect of such notices. It is horribly discouraging—to some people it would be paralyzing—to think of having to submit one's work at all to the judgment of men who positively make a boast of despising literature and knowing nothing about poetry. This man, at the very outset of his notice, said, "We do not propose to treat this piece as literature." Good heavens! what *did* he propose to treat it as? Surely it is literature, or it is nothing. It may be bad literature, and if any one who can possibly be supposed competent to judge on such a point tells me that it is, I shall be sorry—I shall probably be unconvinced—but I shall not murmur. What I do take to be an outrage, not only upon literature, but upon common-sense, is that men whose judgment of any other form of poetry no one would dream of accepting or regarding for a moment, should be held competent to pass a life-or-death sentence upon what is admitted to be, potentially at any rate, the very highest form of poetry, merely because it happens to be presented on the stage. There is an injustice, an unreason, in this that would make me indignant, even if I were never going to write another line of drama. And I can't help looking to the future. I can't help thinking of the other and bigger men that will come after. Just consider the disastrous effect such criticism might have on a man of much finer talent than mine—disastrous in proportion to the delicacy of his talent.

W. A. Oh, the future will look after itself. It will not be long before even the editors of the great dailies recognize that it is to their interest to have the drama competently treated, by men whose writing, like that of Lemaitre, Faguet, or Doumic in France, adds sensibly to the attractions of the paper. *The Times*, you see, has already

led the way, and people now turn to it, not merely to know "how the play went," but with an expectation of positive pleasure in reading the notice—an expectation which is never disappointed. For the rest, now that the drama, in spite of criticism, has fairly begun to forge ahead, the disproportion between the work to be judged and the intelligences set to judge it must soon become too flagrant to escape the notice even of newspaper proprietors. They will realize one of these days that the ability to take notes of a speech in the House of Commons, or to write a descriptive report of a race-meeting, does not necessarily imply the ability to appraise the work of Pinero, Jones, Shaw, or yourself.

Mr. Phillips. What can be the reason, Archer, of our British habit of making the drama an appendage to sport? They are treated as though they were intellectually quite on the same level—with this difference, that the drama is not half so well patronized by the aristocracy. And, now that I think of it, there is one sporting paper which condescends to take cognizance not only of the stage, but of literature; for its critic was good enough to read "*Paolo and Francesca*," and pronounce that there was "not a single line of poetry in it." Not one line, mark you!

W. A. He had probably formed his taste on "*Florodora*."

Mr. Phillips. Ah! there you have the very gist of my complaint: why should the ability to appreciate, or even to write, "*San Toy*" or "*Florodora*" be supposed to imply the ability to appreciate dramatic poetry? Does not the one thing rather exclude than include the other? What has "*Herod*" in common with "*Florodora*," that the same men should be set to report upon them? And what hope is there for dramatic literature if the tastes of the public are to be guided by men whose highest literary ideal is the libretto of a musical farce? Please understand that it is not these men themselves that I complain of. They do their work quite honestly, I believe, according to their lights. They

have persuaded themselves that literature is one thing, drama another; and that, though they may not know anything about literature, they do know something about drama. If they kept to the drama which is remote from literature, there would be no harm done; and it is not their fault that they do not. It is the fault of the editors, or proprietors, whoever they may be, who despise the stage, and think that any moderately fluent writer is capable of taking all drama for his province, from "In the Soup" to "Mrs. Ebbsmith," from "The Belle of New York" to "Herod."

W. A. Of course you are quite right. I have preached the same sermon over and over again. But there is this to be said in extenuation of the editors' inertia: that the supply of dramatic critics who are at the same time men of letters, or (what amounts to the same thing) of men of letters who have in them the makings of dramatic critics, is incredibly limited. If I were proprietor of a daily paper, I should not know where to lay my hand on a theatrical critic of anything like the French standard of accomplishment—now that the *Times* has shown itself so far abreast of the time as to secure the services of A. B. Walkley.

Mr. Phillips. You would have to be your own critic.

W. A. I could not. I am a very slow writer, and am too old to acquire the art of dashing off a readable column between twelve and one in the morning. That is why I have written, and can speak, so freely on the point. If I could be reasonably suspected of envying any of the men we have been discussing, I should have to hold my tongue. Walkley I do envy—his wit, not his position. I wonder, by-the-by, whether Max Beerbohm has the facility and rapidity required for morning-paper criticism. His talent is unquestionable.

Mr. Phillips. One can understand, of course, that it must be difficult to get a man of letters to undertake the drudgery of dramatic criticism—to do the "San Toys" and "Messenger Boys" and so forth. And there is no

reason why he should: for that sort of work the criticism of the day is perfectly competent—the criticism which "does not propose to treat this piece as literature." But surely there are certain pieces—half a dozen, perhaps, in the course of a season—which can only be maltreated if not treated as literature; and I cannot see why the duty of criticising them should not be entrusted to men specially selected for the special purpose. Please don't misunderstand me and think that I am crying out merely because such and such a critic did n't happen to like "Herod." I don't enjoy adverse criticism more than other people; but neither do I resent it when it comes from a man of trained literary judgment. For instance, when I published a book of poems some years ago, you yourself attacked it—

W. A. Oh! Surely not!

Mr. Phillips. Well, attacked some things in it, at any rate, and that pretty sharply. Did I dream of complaining? Certainly not. It does n't matter whether you were right or wrong. No one is infallible, and in this case the error may have been mine, or it may have been yours. But at any rate you knew what you were talking about, and had a right to your opinion. What I do resent is having my work condemned and dismissed by men who do not begin to understand what I am trying to do, and are consequently incapable of judging whether, and how far, I have succeeded in doing it. They only know that I have set a high ideal before me, and that of itself is enough to arouse their hostility. For work that does not attempt to rise above the commonplace, their complaisance is boundless.

W. A. There you are at the root of the matter. When a man is uncertain of his judgment, there is nothing he dreads so much as being taken in by what purports to be good. That is the ultimate humiliation. "When in doubt, be superior," is the first maxim of critical sagacity. It is rather flattering than otherwise to be reproached for over-severity; but to be twitted with having admired a thing that some

whipper-snapper sets up to despise is the very gall of bitterness. Oh, I speak from experience! I have never felt the slightest trepidation in condemning a play; but to praise a play has often called for a good deal of courage. And if I have done any service to the drama, it is because I have not, habitually at any rate, fallen into the easy and effective pose of superiority. I don't know which seems to me the more baneful in his influence: the critic who has no standard at all, and simply writes what he thinks will be "safe," or the critic (we have seen one or two of them) who applies to everything an impossible standard, such as would have nipped the Attic drama in the bud, and sterilized the spacious times of great Elizabeth.

Mr. Phillips. Don't you think—I am sure you agree with me—that the English stage has paid very dearly for the spacious times of great Elizabeth?

W. A. To be sure it has. Not too dearly—it would be hard to pay too dearly for "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Antony and Cleopatra"—but it has certainly paid their full price.

Mr. Phillips. What I feel is that the poetic drama has for two centuries and more been crushed beneath the weight of the Shakespearean ideal. Poets have tried to write like Shakespeare, and critics have urged them on, not recognizing that, though his matter was for all time, his form, his technique was for his own age, and no other. It needed Shakespeare, and no lesser man, to infuse any permanent vitality into the measureless complications of the Shakespearean drama. I often think that the art of the Elizabethans was typical of the Anglo-Saxon genius, as described by Lord Rosebery—the genius for "muddling through somehow." Shakespeare breathed upon chaos, and chaos quivered into immortal life. But even his great contemporaries seldom or never performed the same miracle; and all subsequent attempts to imitate it have ended in disaster. Or am I wrong? Can you name a play on the Shakespearean model, written since the Restoration, that has any real life in it?

W. A. That is certainly a poser. There must at one time have been some sort of life in the works of Otway and Rowe and those late seventeenth-century men; but it is extinct enough now, in all conscience. Besides, they did not derive from Shakespeare, but rather from the inferior Elizabethans. The tragedy of the eighteenth century, again, seems to me to have imitated everything that was dull, turgid, and bad in seventeenth-century work; and the Shiels and Sheridan Knowleses of the first half of the nineteenth century practically continued the same tradition.

Mr. Phillips. The fact is, surely, that down to about the middle of the nineteenth century there were always actors whose sheer force of declamation could put a sort of momentary life into the dullest and dearest of work; but that with the extinction of this race of actors (Macready, I take it, was the last) the whole of that dismal literature crumbled away to dust and ashes, like the body in Edgar Poe's story. And a good thing too!

W. A. Granted, with all my heart. But, I repeat, I don't think Shakespeare was in any way responsible for the greater part of this literature. It was pseudo-Elizabethan, no doubt, but not pseudo-Shakespearean. Its ancestry is rather to be traced to Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Then, I should say, in the first half of last century, the influence of Charles Lamb set people to imitating the more concentrated and less fluent of the Elizabethans, or rather Jacobeans—Shakespeare in the plays he wrote after Elizabeth's death, Webster, Ford, and Tourneur.

Mr. Phillips. Well, and do you think anything good—anything living—came of that?

W. A. Little enough. Mainly abortions like the plays of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. As for Browning, he seems to me to have had one third of a dramatist in him. He had the analytic faculty, but not the synthetic faculty required for the presentation, the projection, of character; and he had no glimmering of the art of telling a story. I always

think—but here I know you will disagree with me—that Tennyson was the one man of last century who, if he had been caught young, so to speak, might have put real life into the poetic drama.

Mr. Phillips. I do disagree with you: but why should you be so sure of that in advance?

W. A. Because I know, from things I have heard you say, that you are a heretic with regard to Alfred the Great.

Mr. Phillips. You are quite mistaken. I am continually fighting against the obsession of his distilled beauty. But I do not think that at any time of his life he would have made a great dramatist. He lacked two essential qualities: directness and passion. Tennyson winds round and round a thing; he never faces it, fair and square, as Byron often does. And of real passion, as opposed to ornamental and often inappropriate rhetoric, I know of only one utterance in Tennyson—the poem called “Love and Duty.” Don’t you remember the lines?—

O then, like those who clench their nerves and rush
Upon their dissolution, we two rose
There—closing like an individual life—
In one blind cry of passion, and of pain,
Like bitter accusation ev’n to death,
Caught up the whole of love and utter’d it,
And bade adieu forever.

No man who had the making of a dramatist in him could have written the parting of Lancelot and Guinevere in the “Idylls.”

W. A. What do you make of “Maud”?

Mr. Phillips. For “Monodrama” read “Melodrama.” No, it is as a lyricist that Tennyson is incomparable.

W. A. I shall always maintain that there are splendidly dramatic things in “Queen Mary” and “Harold,” though as a whole they fail, because, coming to his task too old, the poet had not the strength to rebel against the Shakespearean form, but rather slavishly imitated it.

Mr. Phillips. Well, then, we come back to our point of agreement, which

is, that a deliberate rebellion against the Elizabethan tradition is the best hope for English poetic drama. That, at any rate, has always been my view; and I have tried to act up to it and enfranchise myself from the Shakespearean ideal. But people can’t, or won’t, see that. They assume as a matter of course that I am imitating Shakespeare and imitating him badly. All they know about the poetic drama being gathered from Shakespeare, they think every drama that is written in verse must be judged by Shakespearean canons and no other.

W. A. I have heard people whose judgment is more or less entitled to respect complaining of both “Paolo and Francesca” and “Herod” that they are thin, sketchy—spirited scenarios rather than fully elaborated dramas.

Mr. Phillips. Yes, there you have it! There is no underplot, no philosophic embroidery, no minute development of character. I know there is not—but is drama impossible without these things? I may yet come to do more in the way of characterization than I have hitherto attempted. But is there not such a thing as large and simple character? Must it always be subtle and complex? And is character the only element in drama? Do not action and passion count for something? The Greeks thought they did; Corneille thought so, and Racine. It is no new thing I am attempting. It is a thing familiar to every one who knows anything of dramatic literature beyond the beaten track of Shakespeare. I seek after unity of effect, where the Elizabethans sought after multiplicity. They tried to get the whole variegated texture of life into their pictures.

W. A. That is the very ideal which our ablest neo-Elizabethan, John Davidson, put forward the other day as his own. “Art is selection,” he said, “and great art always selects as much of the world as it can. I should like to put the whole universe into everything I write.”

Mr. Phillips. My effort is to eliminate everything except the essentials of character, action, and passion—to

admit nothing that shall not help on the action, though possibly by seeming to retard it. I strive after compression, not expansion—after surface calm, even quietude, with the glow of passion beneath it. But sometimes I think the fates are against me. Sometimes I wonder whether there is not, in this classical ideal, if I may call it so, something foreign and antipathetic to the British genius.

W. A. Never believe it. If you succeed in realizing your ideal, if you go on producing vital drama of the type imposed on you by your taste and your talent, never fear but that the British genius will accommodate itself to the accomplished fact. Contrariwise, as Tweedledum would say, the French genius was supposed to be incapable of producing or accepting romantic drama, until Hugo and Dumas appeared on the scene, and motley was the only wear. The national genius is moulded by the genius of the individual, and all our generalizations as to the proclivities and limitations of this race and that, even if they be not erroneous from the outset, may be tripped up at any moment by a single impertinent convolution in the brain of a single man.

Mr. Phillips. I don't know. When people are accustomed to the red-hot thing, they are apt to fancy that the white-hot thing is cold; and it is very hard to persuade them to the contrary.

W. A. But have I not seen it stated that in "Ulysses" you are departing from these principles, and trying to produce something in the nature of an Elizabethan masque, rather than a condensed, organic drama?

Mr. Phillips. No, no; the opposite is the fact. The whole task before me is to make out of a series of disconnected episodes a well-knit drama, with "a beginning, a middle, and an end." My whole case, as against the Elizabethan drama, is that I claim to be judged rather by the cumulative effect of a whole work than by isolated, and even irrelevant, patches of splendor. In regard to painting, for instance, one does not say, "This is a great picture in right of that one beautiful head,

though all the rest is crude and out of drawing." The whole effect is the only true effect. But the English nation is suspicious of anything in which the effort is not rendered obvious by partial failure—as, in a circus, they will give the loudest applause to the man who has once or twice failed to go through his hoop, if only he ultimately succeeds. That a play, then, should be smooth, limpid, and concentrated, arouses in them a certain instinct of resentment. So, at least, it sometimes seems to me.

W. A. Tell me, what first turned your thoughts in the direction of the theatre?

Mr. Phillips. Why, George Alexander's suggestion that I should write a play for him.

W. A. Oh, but before that—surely you must have felt some instinctive bias towards drama?

Mr. Phillips. While I was with Benson, I wrote a play, and gave it to him. He kept the manuscript for months. At the end of the season, I went to his room to say good-bye to him. We talked a few minutes, and then, just as I was going out, he said, "Oh, there 's this!" and handed me the manuscript. That was all I ever heard of it,—all I ever did with it. I daresay his implied judgment of it was quite just, though I still think there was something in the mere idea.

W. A. What was it?

Mr. Phillips. Oh, a sort of Frankenstein idea, only that the monster was amiable instead of maleficent. But it is quite vague to me now.

W. A. Do you find your practical experience as an actor of much service to you in writing for the stage?

Mr. Phillips. Of the very greatest. It enables me to see the stage-picture bodily before my eyes, to realize every position of the characters, and to avoid, I hope, impossible conjunctures and combinations.

W. A. Ah yes, that is of enormous importance. That is where so many people, both writers and readers of drama, fail—they have no mental vision of the scene.

Mr. Phillips. When I read "Herod"

to Tree—I read him the third act first, I must tell you—he was at the outset bored, sceptical, and wanted nothing so much as to get through with it. Gradually he grew more and more interested and excited, until I came to the passage where trumpets are heard in the distance. At that point he sprang from his seat. "Ha!" he said to his secretary, "you see the reason of that?" Then he turned to me, and said, "Have you ever been on the stage?" He did n't know that I began life as an actor, but he divined it in that one touch.

W. A. He has an extraordinary instinct for the picturesque.

Mr. Phillips. Has he not? Could anything have been finer than his stage-management of the last act of "Herod"? And remember there was real and high imagination in it: true invention—no mere working-up of old stage tricks.

W. A. Then, after "Ulysses," what have you in view?

Mr. Phillips. Oh, that is a long way

to look forward. The subject that perhaps attracts me most—an intensely dramatic story—is barred by our sapient censorship.

W. A. And what is that?

Mr. Phillips. The story of David, Uriah, and Bathsheba.

W. A. O dear, O dear, you must n't dream of such a thing! Remember you are in a free country, where the absolute decree of a gentleman in a back yard at St. James's can rob you of the work of years, without appeal and without redress, if it happens to clash with his prejudices or the "traditions of his office." In godless and tyrant-ridden countries like France, Italy, and Germany, Racine could write "Esther" and "Athalie," Alfieri "Saul," Sudermann "Johannes." But in free, enlightened, and virtuous England, such enormities are not to be thought of. You may travesty and degrade religion in "The Sign of the Cross," but you must not lay unhallowed hands on an episode in Old Testament history.

New Allegiance

On Returning from Philosophy to Poetry

By CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

LONG have I wandered in the barren ways
My Muse, and hid my life apart from thee
In forests dark, in caves beneath the sea,
And in the underworld's dim-winding maze.

Yet eyes that darkness and the searching daze
Still know thee, Goddess of the open lea
Where grasses play about thee, winds blow free,
And gauzy sunshine clothes thee with its rays.

I will come forth again into thy light,
And follow thee and be once more alive!
And thou shalt lead me as thy fancy wills,
In happy fields, over sky-climbing hills,
Along the shining sea-waves heaven-bright,
And through the throngs of men that live and strive.



ALT NURNBERG

From a pen drawing by Mr. Urquhart Wilcox

Art at the Pan-American Exposition

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

I

ARCHITECTURE*

As Giotto's Tower stands, the slender Lily of Florence, so is this Tower a symbol of the Rainbow City. Supreme symmetry may be lacking, parentage may be complex, confused, but, delicate blue and gold and ivory-white by day, and at night a cataract of incandescence, it is surely the soul of that which shimmers, colorful, beneath.

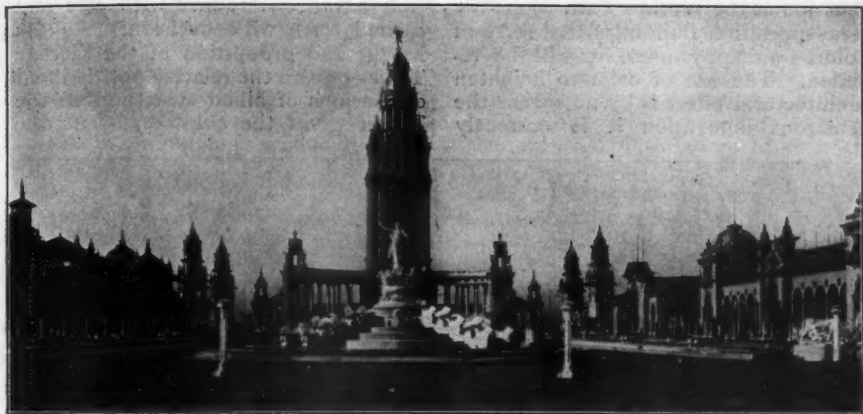
WITHOUT for the moment touching upon specific considerations, it is clear that those factors which contribute most to the beauty and spirit of the Exposition are a logical ordination and the choice of an architecture which fosters both diversity and vivacity. Felicity of arrangement and fantasy in construction are the Exposition's cardinal merits. There have been displays more pompous and more monumental, but none so well devised, and none more bijou or more captivating.

Although the area at disposal was restricted, it has been utilized to ultimate advantage in respect to convenience and scenic effect. The indiscriminating will probably pronounce the color scheme the most engaging feature, but it is solely because of a carefully considered ground-plan and much forethought regarding problems of scale, distribution,

and ensemble that this coloration counts for its best. Architect has played into the hands of colorist, while colorist has simply heightened a beauty which is primarily architectural,—has merely added the after-glow. All the fancy and daring, the bizarrerie, and even the iridescence of this panorama derive from the scrupulous, almost academic precision of its diagram, and the fertile manner in which that diagram has been elaborated.

Broadly speaking, the architects have adopted the urban or Roman, rather than the sylvan or Columbian plan used at Chicago. Conforming with lines employed in the construction of various Fora, the chief buildings have been massed about a central space, with, as usual, a tower marking the extremity of the major axis. It will be difficult ever to evolve any distribution superior to the inverted T, and in selecting it the architects have displayed welcome sagacity. We have passed the stage of docile faith in purely natural or landscape vantages—these we subjugate

*The illustrations which accompany this paper are from photographs taken expressly for THE CURRIC by C. D. Arnold, of Buffalo.



VIEW FROM THE ESPLANADE LOOKING NORTH

rather than submit to. With all their majesty there was a certain guilelessness in the disposition of the buildings at Chicago, a lack of definite concert quite out of harmony with the classic severity of the structures themselves.

Equally inspirational has been the selection of Spanish Renaissance architecture as a general type with which to accord. Several points converged toward this choice,—historic reasons, a recollection of certain buildings at Chicago, and, beyond all, that unmistakable sense of fitness which has proven the informing spirit of the Exposition as a whole. No style of architecture is better adapted to the purposes of an Exposition than this, which emphasizes lightness and gaiety rather than massiveness or forbidding grandeur, which so lends itself to nuances whether plastic or chromatic. The vivid, animated aspect of the Rainbow City, with its clusters of dome and campanile, its long arcades and luxuriance of ornament, is entirely due to the adoption of a style which escapes on one side the chastity of the Classic and on the other the intricacy of the Gothic,—a style which is frankly festal.

It may not be patent that the surpassing charm which is disclosed within this irregular parallelogram is the product of French symmetry and Spanish exuberance, yet it is impossible to conceive of the Exposition apart from the

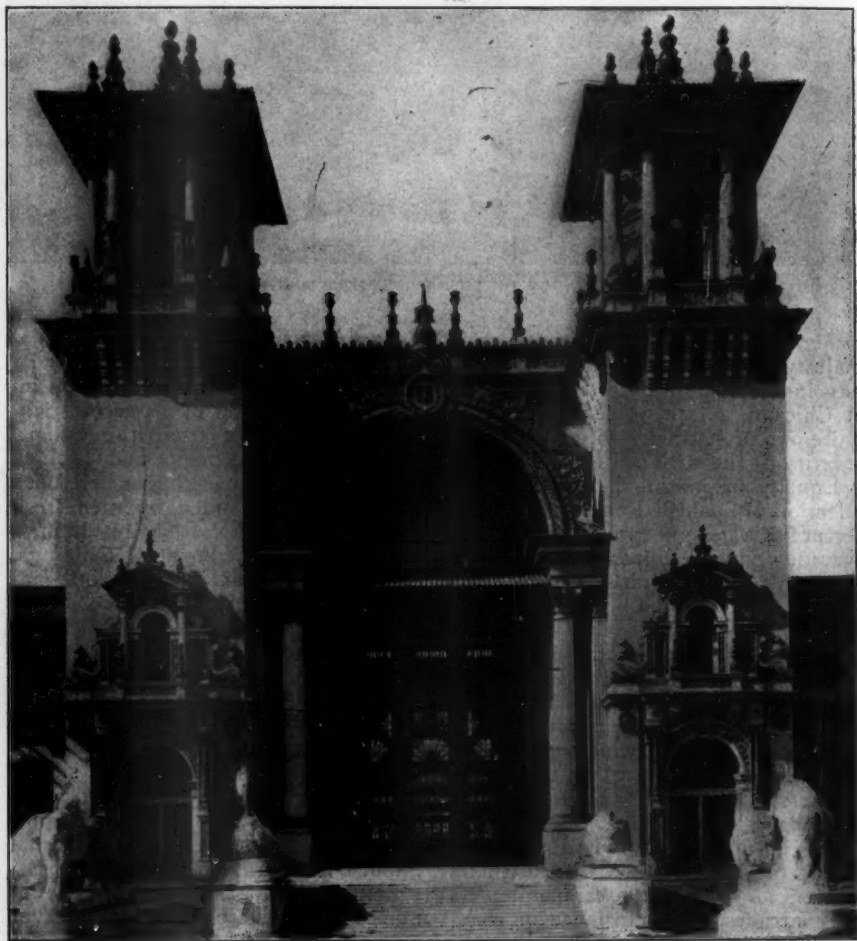
Beaux Arts and the Iberian peninsula. Though Paris and Seville are not its prototypes, they are, in spirit, its initiators. That tide of Saracenic richness which swept from the Orient, which bedizened Spain and trickled across to Latin America, has here been diverted and extended by men fresh from French ateliers. The resultant, a score or more of ephemeral buildings, incredibly flimsy and wholly exotic, has perhaps little to do with Buffalo, though a great deal to do with the kingdom of creative fancy.

Just here, indeed, lies the chief appeal of the Exposition—in its play for the picturesque and the spirited, in its purely scenic character. The affair is the reverse of serious, the sinews of trade are discreetly disguised, ominous arrays of exhibits are becomingly obscured, and the normal, carnal impulse is toward the Plaza or the Esplanade, where bands crash and fountains splash. There has been endeavor behind this glimmer, but one sees not the effort but the achievement, one feels that these men have wrought in joy and in caprice.

Conscious distribution plays the most important rôle in the general effect of the Exposition, but the use of color, while subsidiary, is hardly less significant. The germ of this, like the employment of Spanish Renaissance architecture, found its tentative ex-

pression at the World's Fair, where the Transportation Building flared forth in colors—unhappy ones, it will be recalled. The use of color to heighten architectural effect is by no means the temerous innovation it is currently

tion has been studied with care and carried forth with decision. As the height and proportion of the Electric Tower govern the relative position and dimensions of allied structures so the Tower gives the color-key, fixes the



FAÇADE OF THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING

quoted. Zealous press agents seem to have forgotten that the temple of Athene Parthenos, to cite but one instance, was highly colored, and in primary tints, too, not in modest secondaries.

For a first attempt on any considerable scale the coloration at Buffalo is an indubitable success. The proposi-

tion has been studied with care and carried forth with decision. As the height and proportion of the Electric Tower govern the relative position and dimensions of allied structures so the Tower gives the color-key, fixes the

lost in the delicate neutrality of the shaft. Theoretically the idea is simple and logical, but in extensive application it offers problems which are both exacting and exciting. The Director of Color was unquestionably judicious in employing secondaries, for primaries would not only have been inappropriate, but would certainly have paralyzed the anæmic. Minor mistakes have been made, but the general value of the idea has been so amply vindicated that no future Exposition can afford to neglect the paint-pot or deny

mer sky and disparkles before becoming a precise possession,—for that which is instantaneous and yet eternal.

There is definite magic about the whole affair, there are touches of femininity which will not be lost on sensitive spirits. One seems to hear the click of castanets, and yet one catches evasive hints of Parisian coquetry. The spirit, the essence, is both Spanish and French. There is, too, a just accord between the severer, structural side and the flower, the boquet, of the final result. It is perhaps ungracious



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING

itself the services of a lusty director of color.

It would of course be impossible, in any detailed survey of the Exposition, not to segregate those faults which do their share toward marring what in its general outlines presents an impression of singular piquancy and fascination. In architecture as in sculpture it is in specific instances, not in broad issues, that indiscretions have escaped. Yet the animus of the whole is beyond reproach, is sure to imprison one's sense of beauty and stimulate one's lurking zest for that which is inconsequent and unreal, which flashes under a sum-

to dissect these qualities and to toss aside the tinsel, but that which bears the impress of beauty will only shine forth brighter and more appealing.

If you have the prescience to choose the Lincoln Parkway Gate, which affords by all odds the most effective initiation, you will be confronted some distance back by a huddle of domes and towers. The sight pricks the curiosity, it might be Medina or it might be Moscow. On first view it is decidedly more pan-architectural than Pan-American. On entering, you pass a pretty Casino which just clears the water's edge, and also the Albright Art



THE PLAZA, WEST VIEW

Gallery of pathetic vicissitude. Crossing the bridge and veering to the right you pay your respects to a certain omniscient statue of Washington, pass up the Approach, and, once in the Fore Court, are accosted by the towering piers of the Triumphal Bridge. These piers, which are topped by mounted standard bearers, and otherwise surcharged with reliefs and statuary, constitute an imposing propylæum. Vaguely classic in persuasion and connected by catenaries of shields and trophies they well serve to italicize patriotic vainglory, though in many respects they seem out of key with the sprightly, irresponsible character of succeeding scenes.

Once past the Triumphal Bridge, the panorama begins to assume definition. Directly in front is the Electric Tower, closing the perspective in the distance; to the right and left spread in convex curves the Pergolas, which serve to carry the eye forward toward the United States Government Building and the Horticulture Building. These buildings are placed one at each extremity of the transverse court, and are flanked by wings thrown boldly forward and connected by arcades. The other

buildings are grouped in pairs along the main court, beginning on the right with the Ethnology Building and continuing with the Manufactures and Liberal Arts and Agriculture Buildings, and on the left with the Temple of Music, which is followed by the Machinery and Transportation and the Electricity Buildings. Behind the Tower stretches the Plaza, defined by the Restaurants and enclosed on the north by the Propylæa, which mercifully screen from view the railway station, while on one side lies the Stadium and on the other straggles the Midway.

The rigidity of this diagram is relieved at appropriate intervals by fountains, and the whole is dotted by countless trees, flower-beds, flag-posts, and bits of statuary, with here and there the surface broken by sunken gardens. The effect is one of singular charm and diversity; the balance and counterparting are accurate, yet never stilted, and ingenious variations furnish the requisite caprice. A sense of overcrowding is sometimes evident, as for instance in the Plaza, which is a trifle congested, and one could well spare the high colonnades which entomb the Court of Lilies and the Court of Cypresses, yet there



THE PLAZA, EAST VIEW

is so much that is captivating that one readily forgives a certain lack of spaciousness.

Almost without exception the buildings to the left of the main court are spirited in conception and in execution, while those on the right are dubious, if not questionable. The Pergolas, vine-covered and vivid with awnings, are wholly fantasque in appearance, and the supporting columns are so acute in color about the base as to suggest to the frivolous-minded that they may have been wading knee-deep in the Red Sea. Most of these buildings are, in more or less definite implication, Spanish Renaissance. There are, however, notable non-conformists, chief among which is the United States Government Building. This structure pays full penalty for being without the pale. Viewed from a distance, the façade appears restrained and dignified, the dome imposing, and the general aspect acceptable. On closer inspection the building discloses unaccountable atrocities. The portico is marred by unhappy columns, the ornamental reliefs are inconclusive, and the wings indulge in details which are cheaply baroque. There is neither grace nor

sweep to the connecting arcades, and the entire pile, which promised so well, proves unutterably disappointing. Governmental architecture, in this, as in most instances, affords a lamentable object-lesson.

Counterparting this building as to position is the Horticulture Building, one of the most successful of the Hispano-American group and as stimulating as its *vis-à-vis* is depressing. It is a square mass with projecting gables, is surmounted by a lantern roof, and given variety by the incorporation of four octagonal domed towers at each of the corners. The roofs of the main pavilion, like those of the wings, are covered with red tiles, and the exterior is profusely ornamental, the columns of the portal being heavily encrusted and treated in imitation of glazed pottery. Just at the spring of the arch on each side are sculptural panels picked out in delicate blue and white, recalling those bits of fallen sky which, some say, the Della Robbias gathered in the streets of Florence. The richness of this majolica façade surpasses anything of the kind at the Exposition, and though the timid will probably shudder at such luxuriance, it is all thoroughly consist-

ent and is infinitely preferable to the inflated, imperial pomposity of the structure across the Esplanade.

Of the two buildings which flank the Fountain of Abundance—The Temple of Music and the Ethnology Building—the former is by far the happier. Both suggest jewel-boxes, but the passementerie effect attained in the Temple of Music, together with the arched entrances at the corners, give it a color and a conformation which place it above its companion-piece. Neither

Electricity Building, Exposition architecture reaches its florescence. They are both Hispano-Mauresque and are both exquisitely planned and proportioned, with perhaps the sum of beauty in favor of the smaller structure. Although both have their scattered affiliations, they show the stamp of creation rather than the stigma of adaptation. The shafts which flank the gabled portal of the Machinery and Transportation Building, with their ornate spires, recall the Giralda at Se-



THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING

of these buildings is in the least degree Pan-American, the one recalling the floridity of Munich and the other reflecting Beaux Arts traditions, but their size and position prevent them from destroying the general note. Indeed, their defection is perhaps a wise provision against possible monotony. It is just such fantasias which give the Exposition its cachet, which supply that element of surprise which is by no means its slenderest attraction.

In the Machinery and Transportation Building and in its pendant, the

ville and the arcades those of the Santa Barbara Mission, but details as well as broader combinations have been worked out with ingenuity. The bracketing of the eaves is happy, and the windows, arched and deeply recessed with wide soffits and carvings, and screened by grills, are singularly effective. This wealth of surface has been colored in careful taste, the whole presenting an exterior rich yet restrained. Similar in plan, though even more satisfactory in result, is the Electricity Building, the most engaging features

of which are the four towers at the corners with penthouse roofs surmounting the arched doorways and delightful domed loggie.

By no odds so absorbing are the two allied structures across the court

the Sala del Consiglio at Verona, is quite devoid of inspiration.

Save conditionally, it is impossible to echo the chorus of praise which rises in honor of the Electric Tower. From certain points of view the square,



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ON THE PLAZA

C. D. Arnold, Buffalo

—the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building and the Agriculture Building. The ill-planned façade of the former, with its bald curtains and absolute irrelevance to the arcades, constitutes the worst single feature of Exposition architecture. Although not in the least flagrant, the Agriculture Building, despite its vague affinity to

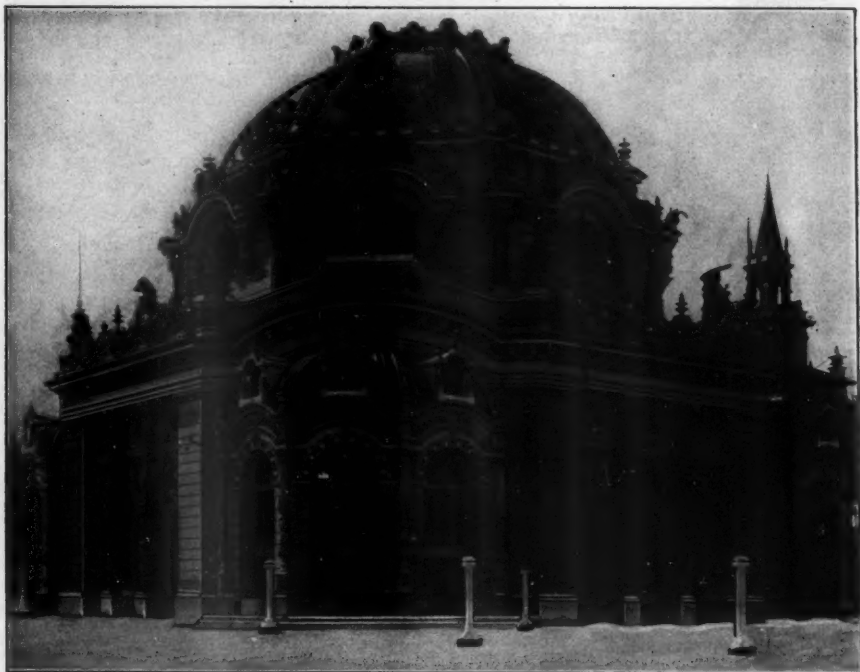
diapered shaft seems to lack height and spring, and the spire, which mounts in three stages of diminishing proportions and is capped by a luminous platitude, is more complicated than convincing. There are, after all, but two—perhaps three—immortal towers, and that this particular one finds no place beside them is small wonder.

Specific conditions have not favored the creation of that form which of all others exacts not only supreme constructive ability, but serene, soaring ideality.

Those suggestions of Mauresque which characterized the Tower have been relinquished for effects frankly Parisian in the designing of the Propylæa and the sweep of their connecting colonnade. Although florid, the arches

architecture is, as usual—midwayward.

No mere catalogue, however detailed, of these various structures can furnish an adequate conception of the general wealth of pillar and spire, of arcade, arabesque, and finial, which everywhere meets the eye, nor can any analysis of the color-scheme suggest the diverse richness and delicacy of the greens, golds, yellows, grays, and dark reds so lavishly employed in their col-



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC

of the entrance are in plausible taste, and, moreover, the chastity of the colonnade serves to offset their exuberance. Taken as a whole the Propylæum is one of the most satisfying features of the Exposition; it has its measure of beauty and effectiveness minus the note of bombast struck by the Triumphal Bridge. There remains little to be said of the Stadium saving that it is a successfully enlarged variant of the Panathenaic Stadium which Lycurgus scooped out of the banks of the Ilissus, or of the Midway, whose

oration. Fantasy and vivacity are everywhere present. The whole is riant,—even jubilant. There is quite enough flash to set one wishing the Stadium might serve as a Plaza de Toros. None of it is in the least serious, and perhaps for that reason it may prove all the more significant.

Such an affair as the present, which is full of architectural somersaults, and of gracious, expressive gestures, does much toward leavening the soggy taste of the average citizen. It exalts the casual, the effective, and above all it

shames those conscientious individuals who have gone on for years disfiguring the face of their land with acres of brick and brownstone. The Rainbow City in its incomparable evanescence seems to breathe the lesson that it is wholly

worth while sometimes to wanton in staff and plaster. It seems to remind us again that beauty is to be captured at hazard, alighting capriciously upon those who court in play and not in ponderous earnestness.



"THE BIRTH OF VENUS"
By Mr. and Mrs. Tonetti

II

SCULPTURE

As with the women you know, and carry in your hearts, so have I my failings. These arms are badly joined, this head—these lips, at least—belong to some one else; but am I not Flora? Do not amorini dance about me, and fountains splash, and pansies and hyacinths flower at my feet,—have I not beauty in abundance?



NLY within the past decade has American sculpture proven its validity.

At Chicago the first hopeful step was taken.

The interval has been fecund, and now Buffalo witnesses the vigorous sweep and scope of an art long confined to grewsome portrait busts and hideous soldiers' monuments. For a dreary period the native sculptor had nothing to say and said it with persistence.

The vitality displayed by the provincial sculpture at Chicago and at Buffalo is due to the fact that foreign trained men have here encountered expansive conditions and have developed through meeting those conditions. Such issues as these two expositions and such occasions as the late Dewey Arch give concise impetus to national expression in sculpture. The immedi-

acy of these circumstances favors freedom and offers full play to creative imagination. While the results have been the reverse of academic and have rarely merited marble, they embody qualities which academism often lacks. The work has been hurried in conception and in execution, broad, almost loose in treatment, but there has been manifest that sense of movement and action which is a particular heritage—the heritage of the unrestful.

Those special factors which contribute most to the quickening of local sculpture are the going to Europe of Americans and the coming to America of men from over seas. The best things in contemporary sculpture—the thing itself, almost—can be traced through these channels. That superior feeling for form which seems to be acquired only in Paris, and that inimitable

Viennese *frott* have become, in a sense, naturalized and characteristic. Whether they are native or not matters little.

At Buffalo the sculpture programme, like the administering of color, has been scrupulously elaborated. In both cases preconception is manifest. If Mr. Turner in his color-scheme has tried to depict the struggle of man to overcome the elements, Mr. Bitter has attempted

Director of Sculpture has aimed at giving plastic and ideal substance to the realities represented under each roof. The psychology of this is about as subtle as that of the sign post. It will not dishearten the most irrelevant sightseer. In accordance with this scheme Mr. Bitter has divided his forces into three parts—left, right, and centre, those on the left typifying Nature,

those on the right Man, and those in the centre the Genius of Man and his contributions to art, science, and industry. There is of course occasional sculpture but the chief effort has been concentrated on these groups.

Passing in safety the beasts and birds of prey which guard the Approach, one is near enough to analyze the embellishments of the Triumphal Bridge. Mr. Bitter's mounted "Standard Bearers" are florid and effective; they suggest Schnorr rather than Velazquez but are none the less appropriate in consequence. Empty pretense characterizes the trophies of "Peace" and "Power" which terminate the buttresses of the piers and nothing could be more innocuous than the eight figures typifying "Charity," "Truth," "Patriotism," "Courage," etc., which fill the niches. In sum, the statuary of the

Triumphal Bridge is a triumph for the homilist. The groups are not perhaps lacking in stolid dignity but are quite without distinction. By far the best notes in the scheme are Mr. Martiny's "Atlantic" and "Pacific" oceans, which adorn the flagpoles marking the bays extending on each side of the bridge. There is something in these figures which lifts them out of their surroundings and places them in the province of beauty. Mr. Martiny's



"LAKE SUPERIOR"
By Mr. Carl Tefft

in his scenario to give a complete allegory of man and his development. The touch of platitude is here, and many specific instances are more humorous than profound, but ideas have in the main been expressed with conviction and appositeness, though simple beauty is, however, preferable to obscure and clumsy symbolism.

Following architectural leads, the

work is not profound nor is it always true to existing canons, but spirit and grace have here been breathed into it, and the conquest is made not despite, but possibly because of certain imperfections—which may be the real triumph.

If the sculptural features of the Triumphal Bridge fail to satisfy, those which surround the sunken garden in front of the Horticulture Building do not fail to dissatisfy. The centrepiece, Mr. Brewster's fountain entitled "Nature," is interesting in composition, but the surmounting figure does not suggest the play of air nor the splash of water. It is too exclamatory in attitude. Neither of the attendant fountains nor any of the groups about the pedestal merit praise. A total lack of integration characterizes the two balancing groups dedicated to "Mineral Wealth," while those devoted to "Floral Wealth" and "Animal Wealth" do not jut above the horizon of mediocrity.

Fronting the United States Government Building is a summation of "Man," the crux of which is Mr. Grafly's contrasting of Michaelangelesque modelling and modern occultism. The figures which support the lower basin, as well as those representing the "Five Senses," which sustain the pedestal, though traditional, are admirable. The consummating figure, "Man the Mysterious," vividly recalls that apparatus known as a caster, which flourishes on middle class dining tables. Neither the naturalistic rigor of Mr. Boyle's "Savage Age" nor the dulceness of the "Age of Enlightenment" competes for a moment with the fusion of power and beauty, of grace and force, which finds expression in Mr.

Konti's "Despotic Age." The group depicts a despot forcing his subjects to draw the chariot of state. At his side stands a fury holding the reins in one hand and with the other applying a lash to the seared backs of four men who strain in the traces—each of a different age and each contrasted as



"THE ATLANTIC OCEAN"
By Mr. Philip Martiny

to character and condition. Bound to the rear of the chariot are female figures of "Justice" and "Truth," while above sits the master proud and merciless, the apotheosis of absolute power and abso-

lute indifference. It is an epitome of the Cæsars, it catches the spirit of tyranny and despotism, and, above all, it answers the requirements of really significant sculpture. Nothing within the glimmering circuit of the Rainbow City deserves place beside this sinister, stately group, which belongs not here, but to the great outside.

Both the Ethnology Building and the Temple of Music contain more sculptural adornment than any of their companion structures. Over the entrances to the former are Mr. Proctor's quadrigæ, representing the white, black, red, and yellow races, though

Mac Neil's four pedimental compositions tell their own story of inherent beauty and dignity, which is a welcome one after so much nomenclature and so little that is worth naming. It is fortunate, too, that the eagles which careen down the ribs of the dome are not saddled with any responsibilities, they certainly deserve to escape on their own merits. Not the



"THE STANDARD BEARER"
By Mr. Karl Bitter

just how these distinctions are indicated is hard to determine. Mr. least important fact about the sculpture which lends such distinction to the

Temple of Music is that it is entirely the work of one man. In his groups placed above the principal entrances, Mr. Konti has shown four varieties of music

these groups, in their delicacy, gaiety, or tender lyricism; they are, in fact, music in the round. The various "Children with Musical Instruments," which



"DANCE MUSIC"

By Mr. Isidore Konti

—Lyric, Dance, Heroic, and Sacred. Each tells its own story in an individual and yet almost unconscious manner. This intimate appreciation of the spirit of music easily betrays Mr. Konti's Magyar birthright. They are Schubertian,

further enliven the building, as well as the children with geese, snails, lizards, or turtles, which surmount the balustrades of the Court of Fountains, illustrate another phase of Mr. Konti's talent—an unwonted felicity in surprising that

which is artless and humorous, that which combines reality and a fancy wholly delicious and irresponsible.

It is in the main court known as the Court of Fountains that the Director of Sculpture has struggled to personify the Genius of Man. Backed against the semicircular wall which marks the



"FLORA"

By Mr. Philip Martiny

upper end of the basin is the principal group, while to the right and left are groups representing "The Human Emotions" and "The Human Intellect." In his version of "The Human Emotions" Mr. Bartlett has touched the throbbing heart of things. Expressed in terms of the inevitable triangle, this group, intense and yet



"CHILDREN WITH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS"

By Mr. Isidore Konti

not over-explicit, full of modernity and of paganism, far transcends its surroundings and in every way surpasses the inspiring splutter of the central composition. The gallery of Luxembourg, where one strolls about studying the masterpieces of modern sculpture, would be a more appropriate frame for it than this indiscriminate Court of Fountains. Mr. Bartlett does not seem to be on nearly so good terms with "The Human Intellect,"—which is in itself human. Of the compositions in the wings, both by Mr. and Mrs. Tonetti, the "Birth of Venus" is by all odds the better, though Venus herself looks more African than Hellenic. One should hesitate to choose between Mr. Lopez's "Arts" and "Sciences" which emphasize the corners of the basin, for to choose, not to hesitate, would be to be lost.

There is more consistency than is elsewhere the rule in the sculptures which give character to the Tower and its colonnade. Showing no vivid exceptions either way, the average is thus respectable. The idea has been to personify the power of the elements and the extent and force of those waters

which have contributed to Buffalo's development. Mr. Barnard's pylons are a trifle declamatory, with the balance of composition and handling of mass entirely in favor of "The Great Waters in the Days of the Indians." Mr. Weinman's spandrels and Mr. Tefft's seated figure of "Lake Superior" are among the best of the minor features, the latter being sculpt-uresque and full of dignity. The keys, frieze, and escutcheon call for scant comment, and, as may already have been intimated, the crowning figure of all is more exalted in position than in conception.

Much of the incidental sculpture which dots the Plaza and, at various points, the grounds as well, consists in replicas of statuary at Versailles or elsewhere. These compete favorably with the original work, especially with those formless masses, supposedly buf-faloes, which confront one at every turn. A certain reserve should have tempered the employment of this not



DECORATIVE FIGURE
By Mrs. Janet Scudder



"PEACE AND PLENTY"

By Mr. Maximilian Schwarzsott



"CHILDREN PLAYING WITH LIZARD"

By Mr. Isidore Konti

over-subtle symbol. Too many buffaloes in Buffalo savors of a plethora of personal pronouns.

If in general the sculpture at the Exposition fails to advance materially upon the average of merit sustained by the architecture, it must be recalled that much is lost through the enlargement of groups which may have been modelled with lingering finesse. In any event the undisputed impulse of the moment and the setting—the green of foliage and glistening water—do much toward equalizing values. One priceless legacy remains, which is, that the free use of plastic form has here attained new significance, that an art has here been widened in scope and broadened in application. And this, after all, is more than the relative finality of any chance bit of plaster or marble.

Leaving behind both architecture and sculpture, it may be well to salute with a shade more respect the same omniscient statue, and to stop awhile at the opportune Casino which skirts the water's edge, where your waiter is from Munich or from Tonawanda, and the band thumps out a two-step or caresses a waltz heard last summer at the Volks Garten in Vienna. Sitting here, watching slender-necked swans glide about, or, beyond, the flare of countless lights, two things gradually detach themselves from the cycle of impressions, the Pillar of Liquid Light which pierces the sky, and Flora tossing gar-

lands to her amorini, radiating her abundance of joy and of beauty. These visions seem to persist the longest, having, among all things else, been touched by a magic more definite and more persuasive.



MASQUE

Designed by Messrs. Carrère and Hastings

Shakespeare and Patriotism

By SIDNEY LEE

His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach.

PATRIOTISM is a natural instinct closely allied to the domestic affections. Its normal activity is as essential as theirs to the health of society. But, in a greater degree than other instincts, the patriotic instinct works with perilous irregularity unless it be controlled by the moral sense and the intellect.

Every student of history and politics is aware how readily the patriotic instinct, if uncontrolled by morality and reason, comes into conflict with both. Freed from moral restraint it is prone to engender a peculiarly noxious brand of spurious sentiment—a patriotism of false pretence. The bombastic masquerade of the genuine sentiment, which is not uncommon among place-hunters in Parliament and popularity-hunters in constituencies, brings the honest instinct into disrepute. Dr. Johnson was thinking solely of the frauds and moral degradation which have been sheltered under the name of patriotism when he none too pleasantly remarked, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

The Doctor's epigram hardly deserves its fame. It embodies a very meagre fraction of the truth. While it ignores the beneficent effects of the patriotic instinct, it does not exhaust its evil possibilities. It is not only the moral obliquity of place-hunters or popularity-hunters that can fix on patriotism the stigma of offence. Its healthy development depends on intellectual as well as on moral guidance. When the patriotic instinct, however honestly it be cherished, is freed from intellectual restraint, it works even more mischief than when it is deliberately counterfeited. Among the empty-headed it very easily degenerates into an over-assertive, a swollen selfishness, which ignores or defies the just rights and feelings of those who do not chance to be their fellow-countrymen.

No one needs to be reminded how much wrongdoing and cruelty have been encouraged by perfectly honest patriots who lack "intellectual armor." Dr. Johnson ought to have remembered that the blockhead seeks the shelter of patriotism with almost worse result to the body politic than the scoundrel.

On the other hand, morality and reason alike resent the defect of patriotism as stoutly as its immoral or un-intellectual excess. A total lack of the instinct implies an abnormal development of moral sentiment or intellect which must be left to the tender mercies of the mental pathologist. The man who is the friend of every country but his own can only be accounted for scientifically as the victim of an aberration of mind or heart. Ostentatious disclaimers of the patriotic sentiment deserve as little sympathy as the false pretenders to an exaggerated share of it. A great statesman is responsible for an apophthegm on that aspect of the topic which always deserves to be quoted in the same breath as Dr. Johnson's too familiar half-truth. When Sir Francis Burdett, the Radical leader in the early days of the last century, avowed scorn for the normal instinct of patriotism, Lord John Russell,* the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, sagely retorted, "The honorable member talks of the cant of patriotism; but there is something worse than the *cant* of patriotism, and that is the *recant* of patriotism."* Mr. Gladstone declared Lord John's repartee to be the best that he ever heard.

It may be profitable to consider how patriotism, which is singularly liable to distortion and perversion, presented itself to the mind of the greatest and

*The pun on "cant" and "recant" was not original, though Lord John's application of it was. Its inventor seems to have been Lady Townshend, the brilliant mother of Charles Townshend, the elder Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer. When she was asked if George Whitefield, the evangelical preacher, had yet recanted, she replied, "No, he had only been canting."

clearest-headed student of human thought and sentiment, Shakespeare.

In Shakespeare's universal survey of human nature it was impossible that he should leave patriotism and the patriotic instinct out of account; it was, in fact, impossible that any commanding aspect of either should escape his attention. In his rôle of dramatist he naturally dealt with the topic incidentally or disconnectedly rather than by way of definite exposition; but in the result his treatment will be found to be probably more exhaustive than that of any other English writer. The Shakespearean drama is peculiarly fertile in illustration of the virtuous or beneficent working of the patriotic instinct; but it does not neglect the malevolent or morbid symptoms incident to its exorbitant or defective growth, nor is it wanting in suggestions as to how its healthy development may be best ensured. Part of Shakespeare's message on the subject is so well known that most readers may need an apology for reference to it; but Shakespeare's declarations have not, as far as I know, been considered in their entirety. And in passing rapidly over the whole field I must ask pardon for dwelling occasionally on ground that is in detached detail sufficiently well trodden.

Broadly speaking, the Shakespearean drama powerfully enforces the principle that an active instinct of patriotism is essential to the proper conduct of life. This principle lies at the root of Shakespeare's treatment of history and political action, both English and Roman. But it is seen at work in more shapes than one. The normal patriotic instinct gives birth to various moods, and although all normal manifestations of the instinct in Shakespearean drama shed a gracious light on life, it operates now as a spiritual sedative, now as a spiritual stimulant.

Of all Shakespeare's characters it is that of Bolingbroke in "Richard II." which betrays the tranquillizing influence of patriotism most effectively. In him the patriotic instinct inclines to identity with the simple spirit of domesticity. It is a magnified love for his

own hearthstone—a glorified homesickness. The very soil of England, England's ground, excites in Bolingbroke an overmastering sentiment of devotion. His main happiness in life resides in the thought that England is his mother and his nurse. The patriotic instinct thus exerts on a character which is naturally cold and unsympathetic a softening, soothing, and purifying sway. Despite his forbidding self-absorption and personal ambition he touches hearts, and rarely fails to draw tears when he sighs forth the lines

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

In such a shape the patriotic instinct, though it may tend in natures weaker than Bolingbroke's to mawkishness or sentimentality, is incapable of active offence. It makes for the peace and good-will not merely of nations among themselves, but of the constituent elements of each nation within itself. It unifies human aspirations and breeds social harmony.

Very different is the phase of the patriotic instinct that is portrayed in the more joyous, more frank, and impulsive characters of Faulconbridge the Bastard in the play of "King John," and of the King in "Henry V." It is in them an inexhaustible stimulus to action. It is never quiescent, but its operations are regulated by morality and reason, and they induce a serene exaltation of temper. It was a pardonable foible of Elizabethan writers distinctly to identify with the English character this healthily energetic sort of patriotism,—a sort of patriotism which cannot breathe the atmosphere either of knavery or of folly. Faulconbridge is an admirable embodiment of it. He is a bluff, straightforward, manly soldier, blunt in speech, contemning subterfuge, chafing against the dictates of political expediency, and believing that quarrels between his nation and another, which cannot be accommodated without loss of self-respect on one side or the other, had better be fought out in a resolved and

honorable war. He is the sworn foe of the bully or the braggart. Cruelty is hateful to him. The patriotic instinct nurtures in him a warm and generous humanity. His faith in the future of his nation depends on the confident hope that she will be true to herself, to her traditions, to her responsibilities, to the great virtues; that she will be at once courageous and magnanimous—

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us
rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Faulconbridge's patriotism is a vivacious spur to good endeavor in every relation of life.

Henry V. is drawn by Shakespeare at fuller length than Faulconbridge. His character is cast in a larger mould. But his patriotism is of the same spirited, wholesome type. Though Henry is a born soldier, he discourages insolent aggression or reckless displays of prowess in fight. With greater emphasis than his archbishops and bishops he insists that his country's sword should not be unsheathed except at the bidding of right and conscience. At the same time he is terrible in resolution when the time comes for striking blows. War, when it is once invoked, must be pursued with all possible force and fury.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.

But when the blast of war blows in his ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.*

But although Henry's patriotic instinct can drive him into battle, it keeps him faithful there to the paths of humanity. Always alive to the horrors of war, he sternly forbids looting or even the use of insulting language to the enemy. It is only when a defeated enemy decline to acknowledge the obvious ruin of their fortunes that a sane patriotism defends resort on the part of the conqueror to grim measures of severity. The healthy instinct stiffens the grip on the justly

* On this point the Shakespearean oracle always speaks with a decisive note:

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
"Hamlet."

won fruits of victory. As soon as Henry V. sees that the French wilfully deny the plain fact of their overthrow, he is moved, quite consistently, to exclaim:

What is it then to me if impious war,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do with his smirched complexion all fell feats,
Enlinked to waste and desolation?

There is no confusion here between the patriotic instinct and mere bellicose ecstasy. That confusion is as familiar to the Shakespearean drama as to the external world, but it is always exhibited by Shakespeare in its proper colors. The Shakespearean mob, unwashed in mind and body, alone yields to it, and justifies itself by a speciousness of argument against which a clear vision rebels. "Let me have war, say I," exclaims the professedly patriotic spokesman of the ill-conditioned proletariat in "Coriolanus," "it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible. . . . Ay, and it makes men hate one another." For this distressing result of peace, the reason is given that in times of peace men have less need of one another than in seasons of war, and the crude argument closes with the frenzied cry, "The wars for my money." There is a climax of irony in such a conclusion on the lips of a speaker who claims attention chiefly on the ground of his deficient means of subsistence.

It is not the wild hunger for war, but the unstable interests of peace that are finally subverted in the Shakespearean world by true and well-regulated patriotism. The impassive, mindless patriot is warned against the folly of straining after mere military glory.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Even vaunting in the name of patriotism of one nation's superiority over

another is reprobated. The typical patriot, Henry V., once makes the common boast that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen, but he apologizes for the brag as soon as it is out of his mouth. (He fears the air of France has demoralized him.) "Henry V.," the play of Shakespeare which shows the genuine patriotic instinct in its most energetic guise, ends with a powerful appeal to France and England to cherish "neighborhood and Christianlike accord," so that never again should "war advance his bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France."

But however whole-heartedly Shakespeare rebukes the excesses to which the lack of moral or intellectual discipline exposes patriotism, he reserves his austere censure for the disavowal of the patriotic instinct altogether.

One of the greatest of the plays is practically a diagnosis of the perils which follow in the train of a wilful abnegation of the normal instinct. In "Coriolanus" Shakespeare depicts the career of a man who thinks, by virtue of inordinate self-confidence and belief in his personal superiority to the rest of his countrymen, that he can safely abjure and defy the common patriotic instinct, which keeps the State in being.

I'll never (says Coriolanus)

Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Coriolanus deliberately suppresses the patriotic instinct in his nature, and, with greater consistency than others who have since followed his example, joins the fighting ranks of his country's enemies by way of illustrating his sincerity. His action proves to be in conflict with the elementary condition of social equilibrium. The subversion of the natural instinct is brought to the logical issues of sin and death. Domestic ties are rudely severed. The crime of treason is risked with an insolence that is almost immediately fatal to the transgressor. The Shakespearean drama condemns with relent-

less logic all undue repression of the patriotic instinct.

It does not, however, follow from such premises that the instinct encourages in men of intelligence, a blind adoration of their state or country. It never prohibits intelligent citizens of the Shakespearean world from honestly criticising the acts or aspirations of their fellows, and from seeking to change them when they think they can be changed for the better. It is not the business of a discerning patriot to sing pæans in his nation's honor. His final aim is to help his country to realize the highest ideals of social and political conduct that are known to him, and to ensure for her the best possible "reputation through the world." Criticism conceived in a patriotic spirit may be constant and unflagging. The true patriot speaks out as boldly when he thinks the nation errs as when, in his opinion, she adds new laurels to her crown. The Shakespearean patriot, without sacrificing a title of his right to the name, applies a rigorous judgment to all conditions of his environment—whether social or political. Frank criticism of the policy of the nation and of those who initiate it is the life-blood of Shakespeare's historical plays, which breathe the best spirit of patriotism at every pore. There is, moreover, hardly any portion of the Shakespearean drama which does not offer adverse comment, equally patriotic in tone and temper, on the social foibles and failures and errors of the dramatist's contemporaries—men and women.

Some of the national failings on the social side that Shakespeare exposes seem at a first glance somewhat trivial, but on consideration they prove to be not unimportant, and this portion of his censure is clothed in a good-humored cynicism which invites to reformation more efficiently than bitter invective.

Shakespeare was always contemptuous of the extravagances of his countrymen and women in the matter of dress or affectation of manner. Portia says of her English suitor Faulconbridge, the young baron of England:

How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.

Another failing in Englishmen, which Portia shrewdly detects in her English suitor, is his total ignorance of any language but his own. She, in the character of an Italian, remarks:

You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show?

This moving plaint draws attention to a defect which is not yet overcome. There are few Englishmen nowadays who, on being challenged to court Portia in Italian, would not cut a very sorry figure in dumb show—sorrowful figures than Frenchmen or Germans. There is no true patriot who ought to ignore the fact or direct attention to it with complacency.

Again Shakespeare was not complimentary to the drinking habits of his compatriots. When Iago sings a verse of the song beginning, "And let me the cannikin clink," and ending, "Why then let a soldier drink," and Cassio commends the excellence of the ditty, Iago explains:

I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cassio asks:

Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago retorts:

Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk,

and gains, he explains, easy mastery over the German and the Hollander.

A further point of specific criticism has for its subject the pursuit of novelty—in itself no bad thing—which infected the nation and found vent in Shakespeare's day in the patronage of undignified shows and sports. When Trinculo was perplexed by the outward aspect of the hideous Caliban, he remarks:

Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

It is well for patriots to bear in mind that their fellow-countrymen are still liable to the imputation of preferring—in journalism for instance, and in other departments of everyday life—what is new and momentarily exciting to what is old and deserving of serious sympathy. Shakespeare seems slyly to confess to a personal sense of the want of balance that infected the popular judgment in his day when he makes the first gravedigger remark that Hamlet was sent into England because he was mad.

"He shall recover his wits there," the old clown suggests, "or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there."

"Why?" asks Hamlet.

"'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he."

So, too, in the emphatically patriotic play of "Henry V.," Shakespeare implies that he sees some purpose in the Frenchman's jibes that the foggy, raw, and dull climate of England often engenders in its inhabitants a frosty temperament, an ungenial coldness of blood, or that Englishmen's great meals of beef sometimes impair the efficiency of their intellectual armor. The point of the reproofs is not blunted by the succeeding admission of the French critic in the play that, however robustious and rough in manners Englishmen are, they commonly have the unmatched courage of the English breed of mastiffs. To credit men with the highest virtues of which dogs are capable is not to pay them the most comprehensive compliment.

It is in the English history plays that Shakespeare bears convincing testimony to the right, and even to the duty, of the patriot to exercise his best powers of criticism on the political conduct of those who rule over him. He studies English history in the light of a patriotism which boldly seeks and faces the truth.

His history plays have been often spoken of as fragments of a national epic-detached book of an English "Iliad." But they embody no epic or heroic glorification of the nation. Taking the great series which begins chronologically with "King John" and ends with "Richard III." (Henry VIII. stands apart), we find that Shakespeare makes the central features of the national history the persons of the kings. Only in the case of "Henry V." does he clothe an English king with any genuine heroism. Shakespeare's kings are, as a rule, but men as we are. The violet smells to them as it does to us; all their senses have but human conditions; and though their affections be higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop they stoop with like wing. Excepting "Henry V.," the history plays are tragedies. They "tell sad stories of the death of kings." But they do not merely illustrate the crushing burdens of kingship or point the moral of the hollowness of kingly pageantry; they explain why kingly glory is in its essence less brilliant than brittle. And since Shakespeare's rulers reflect rather than inspire the character of the nation, we are brought to a knowledge of the causes of the brittleness of national glory. The glory of a nation, as of a king, is only stable, we learn, when the nation, as the king, lives soberly, virtuously, and wisely, and is courageous, magnanimous, and zealous after knowledge. Cowardice, meanness, ignorance, and cruelty ruin nations as surely as they ruin kings. This is the lesson specifically taught in the most eloquent of all the direct avowals of patriotism to be found in Shakespeare's plays—in the great dying speech of John of Gaunt. That is no ebullition of the undisciplined patriotic instinct. It is no song of insolent triumph. It is rather a cry of despair uttered by a true patriot in his last moments,—the thought that all the greatness and glory with which nature and history have endowed his nation may be dissipated when the rulers prove selfish and frivolous and unequal to the responsibilities that a great past places

on their shoulders and the nation acquiesces in their depravity. By the emphasis the speaker lays, in the opening lines of his splendid oration, on the possibilities of greatness with which the natural physical conditions of the country and its political and military traditions have invested his countrymen, he brings into lurid relief the sin and the shame of paltering with, of putting to ignoble uses, the nation's character and influence. The passage is very familiar, but some lines from it are necessary by way of illustration. The dying patriot apostrophizes England as:

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea;
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.

The last line identifies with the patriotic instinct the aspiration of a people to deserve well of foreign opinion. Subsequently the speaker turns from the ideal heights on which he would have his country walk and expresses with ruthless frankness the ugly realities of her present degradation.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Oh, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

At the moment the speaker's warning is scorned, but ultimately it takes effect, and England at the end of the play of "Richard II." casts off the ruler and his allies, who by their self-indulgence and moral weakness play false with the best traditions of their race.

In "Henry V.," the only one of Shakespeare's historical plays in which

an English king quits the stage in the enjoyment of a truly royal prosperity, his good fortune is more than once explained as a reward for his resolute endeavor to abide by the highest ideals of his race and to exhibit in his own person its noblest mettle. His strongest appeals to his fellow-countrymen are:

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you

let us swear

That you are worth your breeding.

That the kernel of sound patriotism is the respect due to a nation's traditional repute, to the attested worth of the race, is the large lesson Shakespeare taught continuously throughout his career as a dramatist. The teaching is not solely enshrined in the poetic eloquence of plays of his early period like "Richard II." or plays of his middle life like "Henry V." It is the last as well as the first word in Shakespeare's collective declaration on the essence of true patriotism. "Cymbeline" belongs to the close of his working life, and there we meet once more the asseveration that a due regard to the past and an active resolve to keep alive ancestral virtue are the surest signs of health in the patriotic instinct. The accents of John of Gaunt are repeated by Shakespeare with little modulation at that time of his life when his reflective power was at its ripe. The Queen of Britain, Cymbeline's wife, is the personage in whose mouth Shakespeare sets, not perhaps quite appropriately, the latest message in regard to patriotism that he is known to have delivered. Emissaries from the Emperor Augustus have come from Rome to demand from the King of Britain

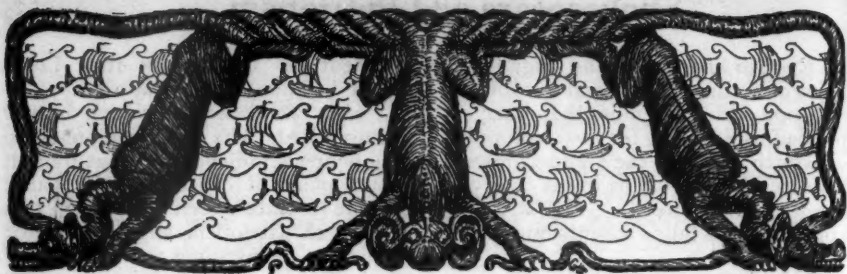
payment of the tribute that Julius Cæsar had long since imposed by virtue of a *force majeure*, which is now extinguished. The pusillanimous King Cymbeline is indisposed to put himself to the pains of contesting the claim, but the resolute queen awakens in him a sense of patriotism and of patriotic obligation by recalling the more nobly inspired attitude of his ancestors, and convincing him of the baseness of ignoring the physical features which had been bestowed by nature on his domains by way of guaranteeing their independence.

Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters.
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast.

The appeal prevails, the tribute is refused, and the country is secured against foreign dominion.

The Shakespearean drama thus finally enjoins those who love their country wisely to neglect no advantage that nature offers in the way of resistance to unjust demands upon it; to hold firm in the memory "the dear souls" who have made "her reputation through the world"; to subject at need her faults and frailties to searching criticism and stern rebuke; and finally to treat with disdain those in places of power who make of no account their responsibilities to the past as well as to the present and the future. The political conditions, the physical conditions of his country have altered, since Shakespeare lived and England has ceased to be an island-power. But the essential verity of his teaching has undergone no change.





How to Travel in Europe

By W. J. ROLFE

THE question is like certain problems in what in algebra is called "indeterminate analysis," which admit of many answers, if not of an infinite number of them. Travellers are of all sorts and conditions, go abroad for all sorts of purposes and for all sorts of periods, and with much or little money to spend. I shall limit myself here to the case of the average tourist, with moderate means, who can take but a summer outing of two or three months at most.

Let him by all means begin the trip before he starts, by what Lowell happily calls "fireside travels." Let him decide where he wants to go in Europe, and read up as thoroughly as possible about what he is to see—not only in guide-books, though it is important to study these in advance no less than to take them for purposes of reference *en route*, but the literature of travel, to which guide-books do not properly belong. The more you know before you start about the places you intend to visit, the more pleasure and profit you will get from seeing them. Books are the heaviest of luggage, and you cannot take many with you, and on a short tour you will have little time for reading.

Among special subjects that one should post or refresh himself upon before the tour, *architecture* (at least Gothic architecture) is the only one I will mention, for it is the one of which the majority even of cultivated people are woefully ignorant. I once saw a newspaper letter from York in which

the writer remarked that the cathedral there "has Gothic windows in it"; and within a week I have seen in a Boston paper the description of a new church which is said to be in the "English or North Italian style of Gothic" (as if the two were similar), while the steeple is "an exact copy of one in England." One should know at least the alphabet of Gothic before he sees the great cathedrals of Europe.

The vacation tourist as a rule will go abroad in June or July and return in September or October; but if he can postpone the start until the middle or last of July, I strongly advise him to do so. July is often as hot in England and Central Europe as it is here, while August is generally much cooler than here, even if one goes as far south as Northern Italy. Besides, the rush of travel from this side is then over, and the steamers are less crowded; as they are on the return after the first of October. June, however, is usually a pleasant month in the British Isles.

On the other hand, one need not hesitate to go to Central and Southern Italy in August, if he cannot go earlier or later. He will find Florence and Rome no hotter than New York or Boston, unless in the middle of the day, when it is wise to stay indoors from noon till two P.M. or later, or to keep on the shady side of the street if one goes out. In Naples the sea breezes often mitigate the heat, and the nights are generally comfortable, as, indeed, I have found them in Rome. But seasons vary as much abroad as in

New England, if I may judge from the experience of eighteen trips. I have known as sudden and violent changes from hot to cold or *vice versa* in England or in Italy in summer as in Cambridge. I have often said that I never really suffered from cold except in "an Italian spring," the poetic ideal weather. It was in the latter part of March and all of April, 1879, when the season was said to be five or six weeks behind time. There was snow in Rome in March, and it was dismally cold everywhere; and it was such cold as we never feel here, where we have the means of counteracting it, as they have *not* in Italy. On the other hand, in 1898, the heat for the early weeks of September in Paris and London was worse than I ever knew in July; while at the same time of year I have known it to be so cold in those cities that winter clothing and fires in one's room were necessary for comfort. In Switzerland, a few years ago, I gave up a visit to the Engadine in August because of a sudden fall of two feet of snow there. A year later it was delightfully mild and pleasant in the same locality at the same date. The tourist must be prepared for these vicissitudes of weather, though in an emergency he can always buy warmer underwear on the spot.

If the tour is your first one abroad, I am inclined to advise getting a glimpse of several countries rather than limiting yourself to England. I think this the better way, even if you do not expect to go abroad again; but nowadays most people who go once are likely to go more than once. In the second or subsequent visits one can travel more leisurely, and get better acquainted with the ground over which he went rapidly at first. In six or eight weeks on shore, if the line of travel is carefully arranged at the start, one can see a good deal of England and Scotland, Belgium (perhaps Holland), Germany (the Rhine and its neighborhood), Switzerland, Northern Italy (the Lakes, Milan, and Venice), and Paris. In ten weeks, he could add a run to Florence, Rome, and Naples, returning by way of Pisa and Genoa.

In such tours it is of the utmost importance to lay out the entire route carefully in advance, as exactly as the itineraries of "personally conducted" parties are arranged. Decide just where you will go, and how much time you will give to each part of the route. It is well to allow a certain margin for delays on account of bad weather or other unforeseen contingencies; and I think the best way to provide for these is to put down an extra day here and there in your schedule, selecting places where you would like to have more time if you can, but are willing to do without it if you have to use it elsewhere for reasons such as I have hinted at.

Having laid out your route in this way, do not attempt to see too much at any one point. Though you travel rapidly, do not do it hurriedly. If you can spend but a day in a city, select what is best or what is typical in it, and see it leisurely. Have the courage and good sense to omit many things that you would see if you had several days instead of one day. Don't vary from this rule, though fellow tourists or other people say, "Oh, you *must* see this or that!" In Cologne, for instance (I cannot take space for other illustrations), give most of the time to the cathedral, with a random walk through the quaint old narrow streets, and a ride by street-car or carriage through the "Ring" of fine modern avenues, unsurpassed in Europe; but do not fool away your time in the Church of St. Ursula with the "alleged" bones of the Ten Thousand Virgins, or even the more important Romanesque churches, unless you are specially interested in their architecture and history. For myself, I had been in Cologne half a dozen times at least before I saw St. Ursula (which has no architectural interest), and then it was only because a friend teased me to help him find it.

It is curious that many tourists will take a deal of pains in Europe to see what they would hardly deign to look at in their own country. At Strasbourg crowds will gather at noon to see the puppets of the clock in the south

transept of the cathedral, and then go away with scarce a glance at the real glories of the ancient edifice; and at Berne you may see a throng of tourists in carriages or on foot in front of the Clock Tower, waiting to see a show of the same kind when the hour is struck. The Mannikin fountain at Brussels, and other things of the sort that the average "innocent abroad," of either sex, dotes upon seeing, will readily occur to many readers.

The order of one's itinerary is in some respects a matter worth careful consideration. In England many tourists, perhaps the majority, rush at once from Liverpool, or other landing-place, to London, which should be the end rather than the beginning of the English tour. The wiser pilgrim, if he lands at Liverpool, will not land there at all, but will go directly from the landing-stage, or floating wharf, where (or directly adjacent to it in recent years) the inspection of luggage takes place, to Chester, where he feels at once that he is really in the "Old Country," instead of a modern city much like New York, as Liverpool is.

Having "done" England, the perverse tourist next takes a bee-line for Paris, which should be the conclusion and crown of the Continental trip. Then he probably goes to Switzerland (and Italy, if that is included in his plans), and comes down the Rhine on his way back to England and the steamer for home. He does not see the Rhine; one never does who has just come from Switzerland. If one wishes to see it, he must go from England to Belgium or Holland, then to Cologne and up the river on his way to Switzerland. To one going from the lowlands of the "Low Countries," as they used to be called, the hills bordering the Rhine, the highest of them only about 1500 feet high, are duly impressive. They form part of an ascending scale that culminates in the Alps, which are tenfold their height (15,000 feet). Once, when hurrying back to England after spending nearly all my time abroad in Italy, I came down the Rhine from Switzerland; I could hardly believe it was the Rhine up

which I had sailed so often in former tours. The hills looked as if some giant hand had pressed them down into the earth. I wondered if the old impression and charm could ever be renewed, but when a year had lapsed the Rhine was all right again.

In England third-class cars, as a rule, are better than the second-class (now given up on many railways) were ten or fifteen years ago. Respectable people, including ladies, use them more and more; and one often finds more agreeable company in them than in the first-class. A small "tip" to the guard (conductor) will secure a compartment for a company of three or four people travelling together, if the train is not overcrowded. On the Continent, particularly on long journeys, it is best to take first-class if one has ladies with him, though ladies unaccompanied often take the second-class cars reserved for the sex. The chief objection to second-class cars is that they are apt to be crowded in the travelling season. Third class is tolerable for men in Continental countries except France, where it is bad, and Italy, where it is worse. Good dining-cars are now common on long routes, both in England and on the Continent. Where they are not found, it is better to take a lunch basket rather than to trust to the restaurants *en route*. In England the lunch baskets furnished at the leading stations are excellent, both in regard to food and facilities for enjoying it "on the wing."

It is a mistake, I think, to travel by night, if one can possibly avoid it. Sleeping-cars are generally better than ours, but they are much more expensive. Travelling by day enables you to see much of the country and the people; that is, if you take it lazily, not worrying yourself about the names and history of places and things you see from the car window. To attempt to locate everything of interest by study of a guide-book as you go along is trying to both eyes and brain. Read up about the route before you start, or depend on your fellow-traveller for information about points that especially excite your curiosity on the

road. You will generally find the people of the country ready to talk, and this gives you an opportunity to study them as well as the scenery. I have found long journeys by rail in English third-class cars restful and every way agreeable. On the Continent you will often meet people in the trains who can speak some English; or, if you can speak a little French or German, you need not lack for sociability.

I had much more to say, but the space allotted me is nearly exhausted, and I can add only one or two brief suggestions.

Don't swallow museums and picture galleries whole. Take several bites at one, or be satisfied with a single bite if there is not opportunity for more. All sight-seeing is a weariness to the flesh and the spirit; but there is no sight-seeing so exhausting as this. One often sympathizes with Hawthorne, who, after a day in the British Museum, writes in his note-book: "I wished that the whole Past might be swept away, and each generation compelled to bury and destroy what it had produced, before being permitted to leave the stage." He adds: "We did n't see the library, else I suppose I should have found full occasion to wish that burnt and buried likewise."

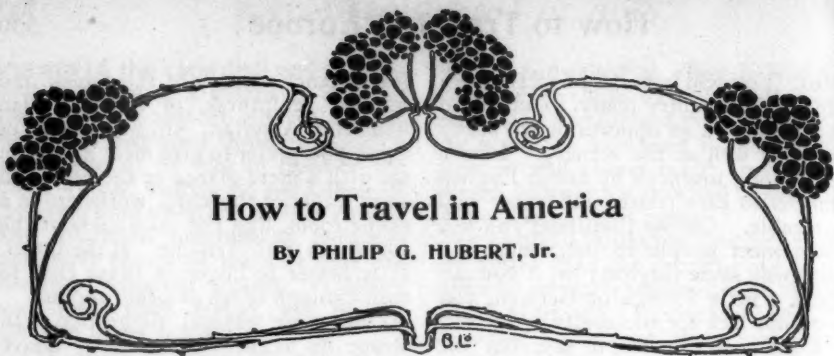
The true way to see a great museum or gallery is to visit it for an hour or two at a time, spending it all in a single department or room and seeing that somewhat carefully, leaving other departments for similar short visits later. If you can make but one visit, limit your inspection to the masterpieces of art, or to what you are most interested in. In the British Museum,

for instance, see only the Greek and Roman sculptures, or the Egyptian and the Assyrian, or whichever of these you prefer to give most attention to, with a mere glance at the rest. In some galleries the chief works are in a single room, like the *salon carré* at the Louvre or the "Tribune" at the Uffizi. It is better to linger in these than to rush through miles of other rooms.

One more general suggestion. In Rome do as the Romans do. Leave your Yankee preferences and prejudices at home, and conform as far as possible to the ways of the country. This is an important part of the liberal education which sensible travel is. Economy, no less than comfort, in travel, also depends much upon keeping this rule in mind. Adapt yourself in regard to food and other matters to the local customs and usages, and you will be well served at the established rate; but if you insist that foreigners shall try to do things after the American fashion, you will simply have to pay exorbitant prices for well intentioned blundering.

In short, leave your whims and prejudices at home, but take your common-sense, if you have any, with you, and also your good manners. In the Roman Catholic churches on the Continent there are kneeling worshippers at all hours, even on week days, but tourists too often stroll about and chatter among them with the air and manner of visitors to a museum or curiosity shop. Their behavior generally in churches is anything but reverent; and this is not infrequently noticeable at Sunday services in English cathedrals.





How to Travel in America

By PHILIP G. HUBERT, Jr.

THE English expert upon travelling who prepared the preface to the edition of that red badge of curiosity, "Baedeker's Guide Book to the United States," laid down a number of rules for tourists in this country, most of them of interest chiefly to foreigners. For Americans who want to travel I should imagine that the sketch given by this gentleman of the difficulties in the way of foreigners does not apply. He specifies the miserable quality of the second- and third-class hotels, the lack of servility upon the part of the railway servants and porters, the dust of the roads, the indiscriminate mingling of men and women in the sleeping-cars, the atrocious American habit of spitting anywhere and everywhere, the flies and mosquitoes, the nuisance who peddles books and candies, the natural heat of summer and the artificial steam heat of winter. Yet to most of these drawbacks mentioned by the Baedeker critic we can all of us heartily agree. With regard to the servility, we might say that the European manner is here honored in the breach, and it may be noted that the most intelligent of our foreign visitors have rarely found fault upon this score; Dickens, for instance, while he had much to say about us in his "American Notes" that could not by any stretch of imagination be construed as complimentary, was rather amused and interested at the familiar manner with which he was greeted by American serving-men and women. To be sure he found, as did Stevenson forty years later, that the filth and discomfort of the second-class country

hotel failed to atone for the vulgar splendor and even occasional excellence of our larger caravansaries; and this remains true to this day.

My own personal favorite method of travel happening to be the bicycle, whether the distance is ten miles or ten hundred miles, most of the advice which I may offer to American travellers must be second-hand. But it is a subject that has always interested me and one upon which I have from time to time consulted all sorts of people who travel—commercial men, who are supposed to have raised the art of travelling to a science; actors who have undergone the weariness of playing "one-night" stands; lecturers who, like my friend Kennan, have to face very much the same problems as the actor; tourists who have tried every variety of personally conducted excursion; and the professional wanderer who, after years of lounging around the globe, ought to know what comfort in travelling means and how best to obtain it.

It is a sorry and humiliating confession to make that most of these experts agree in saying that the great secret of comfortable travel is to tip right and left and early if not late. The more experienced the traveller, the more shameless and persistent "tipper," he or she is likely to be. I confess that even after many years' experience in journeyings up and down Europe, the land from which we imported the tipping habit, there still remains in me a strong aversion to it and a feeling that there is something wrong

on both sides of the transaction when a traveller cannot get the service he is supposed to pay for without bribery. Yet in this country now, as well as in Europe, to attempt to get along without tipping the railway porter, the hotel waiter, the smiling darkey who looks after your comfort in the parlor car, and the hotel chambermaid, would be to expose one's self to petty annoyances and discomforts far more serious than the damage to one's principles or one's pocket-book involved in the most reckless tipping. We have not yet in this country reached the point where, as in some German towns I know, such as Munich and Dresden, the conductors on the street railways expect to be tipped, or where the tip is a recognized and expected percentage of the cost of a meal or a service; perhaps it would better for us if such were the case with regard to hotel meals and the accommodations. With us a tip partakes somewhat of the nature of a bribe; in Europe it is an integral part of the price paid for anything. Moreover, the tipping habit has become so much a matter of course in Europe that what to us may be a nuisance, a piece of extortion, and a constant irritation, is not considered worth a moment's attention and therefore does not irritate. Considering that what we get by lavish tipping is of far more value than the money so laid out, and that the practice is deeper and deeper rooted every year and steadily spreading, notwithstanding sporadic protests in the shape of anti-tipping associations, we may take it for granted that the sooner we concede the wisdom of the European traveller in recognizing tips as perfectly justified, the better it will be for us. Kicking against the pricks is seldom a profitable occupation and never a pleasant one.

The motto of the successful American traveller being, therefore, first to tip, second to tip again, third to tip some more, it follows that a number of travel problems difficult enough in themselves are easily solved when one goes this easy road. It is, as I have already hinted, an humiliating sort of creed to profess, that of unlimited faith in un-

limited tips, but just contrast for a moment the difference between even a short journey, let us say from New York to Buffalo and back, with and without tips. In the first instance, you will get the best cab to be had from your house to the station, your bags and bundles will be carried for you everywhere, the best seats in the parlor-car will be yours, whether other people are ahead of you or not, you will be slept in ahead of the waiting and impatient crowd, you will get your meals more quickly and better served, you will be looked out for and taken care of, your seat at table will be away from draughts and dust,—in a word, you will get the best no matter who else suffers, and from the time you leave your house until you get back you will be greeted by courteous words and smiling faces. And the cost of buying all this? Well, for the money cost let us say five dollars—an infinitesimal sum as compared with the whole expense of the trip. I fancy I hear some staunch American exclaim: "Ah, but what about the cost to one's dignity and sense of justice, the feeling that one is bribing a fellow creature to make things a little easier for us by making them a little harder for others who have not stooped to bribery?" It is distressing to confess that how to travel may be summed up in one word—Tip; but if I am wrong, I have wholly misunderstood my most competent advisers.

A lady, in whose judgment I have the utmost confidence, and who is an admirable traveller, tells me that, aside from tipping, the chief element in comfortable travel for women is to get rid of responsibility by joining some of the many excursions organized by any one of the firms which make this business a specialty—Messrs. Cook & Son, Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, Messrs. Gaze & Sons, and one or two other firms not so widely known. Not only is responsibility as to trains, hotels, meals, and sight-seeing done away with, but an intelligent conductor may add immensely to the pleasure of a trip by little bits of information, historical, biographical, or geographical; he may perhaps tell wonderful

tales about the yellow primroses along the wayside. Also insisted upon by this traveller was that every woman ought to carry a hat-box and a cap—the cap for wear on the road. I mention this simply because, while I cannot myself appreciate its importance, I was told that comfort, sleep, and cleanliness are impossible while travelling long distances without such a device.

I take it for granted that almost every American who reads the papers knows that our trans-continental trains are really marvels. If you want to pay for luxury, you can travel from Chicago to the Pacific upon a train which has not only an excellent restaurant, but an observation car fitted up with glass sides where one can lounge and smoke and admire the scenery, a library provided with a stenographer, a bath-room with marble tubs, and a barber-shop. Then there is a cheaper fashion of getting across the continent with not so many luxuries, but high-back chairs in which you sit by day and tilt yourself back in by night. Then you can go still lower down in the scale and find cars in which you can do your own cooking, although this implies that travelling is a necessity and not a pleasure. Within the last twenty years there has been a marvellous improvement in the quality of the second-class inns of our small cities. Poor Stevenson could eat or drink nothing in many of these places, but then he was a sick man. I remember also some weird tales told me by Marie Rôze of an operatic tour through the South when the alleged food offered was so bad in some towns that every afternoon she foraged for supplies, which she took to her room at the hotel. After the opera she would broil a steak over the spirit lamp in her room and the chief members of her company said that she saved their lives by so doing. Just

fancy the Marguerite of the evening's performance ending the day's work in this fashion. Madame Rôze told me that many a time she has infused fire and spirit into that last trio of "Faust" by whispering, when lying upon her couch of straw, to Faust and Mephistopheles, that the steak for that evening was a particularly good one.

One point which has been mentioned several times to me by old travellers is to beware of the southern part of this country from March to November. It has never been my misfortune to make the Pacific trip during those months, but people who have done so tell me that no words can describe the horror of the wilting heat, the burning air, and the dust of the desert. There is an old story of a traveller who died while crossing the alkali desert in July and having been consigned to the lower regions sent back for blankets. I remember that Miss Georgia Cayvan once told me that she played one night in Tucson when the thermometer on the stage was 130 degrees; and, by irony of fate, the play happened to be Bartley Campbell's "Siberia," in which she had to wear furs all evening. Miss Cayvan told me that their parlor car for days at a time on that southern trip in June looked like a morgue; the different members of the company were stretched out upon reclining chairs with wet handkerchiefs spread over their faces, all of them too exhausted to give sign of life. All the brasswork or ironwork in the car was so hot that it was painful to the touch; even the watches in the men's pockets burned the fingers. Add to this misery of heat the fine dust that fills the eyes and nostrils and lungs and covers everything, even the food, and you get some notion of the discomfort of a trip through this region in summer.



Mrs. Gillespie's "Book of Remembrance"

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

It is not often that a book of such continuous entertainment as this* by Mrs. E. D. Gillespie falls into my hands. Mrs. Gillespie is a Philadelphian of international reputation. She is the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, her father, William J. Duane, having married Deborah Bache, who was the daughter of "Sally" Franklin, the great man's only daughter. Mrs. Gillespie has lived all her life in Philadelphia, in the same house for half a century, if I mistake not. She has, however, travelled much at home and abroad. She is a linguist, a musician, and, above all, a wit. She is also a woman of unusual public spirit, having done notable work in connection with the hospitals during the civil war and later during the exhibition of 1876.

Every one who has ever been to Philadelphia knows Mrs. Gillespie, and a great many who have never visited the City of Brotherly Love are counted among her friends and acquaintances. She was an active child and she grew up to be an active woman. Her attractions have always been great, but she gives us to understand that she was never a beauty. She opens her book with this statement: "On the 15th day of January, 1821, a thin baby girl with a long nose, the seventh child of her parents, was born, and that thin baby was myself." Her long nose has remained with her through life and many are the jokes she tells at its expense. Mrs. Gillespie's birthplace is where the *Public Ledger* Building now stands, but a short time after she was ushered into the world the family moved opposite Independence Square.

Speaking of her illustrious ancestors, Mrs. Gillespie says:

My grandmother, Sarah Franklin, was born on September 11, 1744. The relations between Benjamin Franklin and his wife were most tender. She was a careful, prudent wife, agreeing with her husband in all his ambitious projects for mankind, and only

objecting to William Franklin (afterwards Governor of New Jersey) being a member of the household. But the tenderness of her husband towards herself at last overcame her objections, and her only child, Sarah, or "Sally" as she was called, was brought up to call him "brother."

The training and education of their daughter were carefully watched over by both parents. Thinking that the best and most useful occupation for a woman came through her needle, Sally was early taught to sew. Her father looked after the other branches of her education, and was especially anxious that she should never abandon any task once begun, whether through her studies or her work. He inculcated the maxim of perseverance unto the end until all difficulties should be overcome.

On one occasion he saw her endeavoring to make a proper buttonhole. After many efforts she gave up the task in despair. Not one word or look of reproach came from her father at her failure to accomplish her object, but the next day he said: "Sally, I have made an arrangement with my tailor to have you go to him every day at a fixed hour. He will teach you to make buttonholes." Sally went, and her buttonholes are made now by her descendants of the third and fourth generation.

Sally was a girl of unusual intelligence and wit. She adored her father, was proud of his intellect and of the respect in which he was held by mankind, and above all was grateful to him for his love and care of her in her childhood.

The marriage of Sally Franklin on October 29, 1767, was thus announced in the *Penn Chronicle and Universal Advertiser*:

Last Thursday evening Mr. Richard Bache of this city, merchant, was married to Miss Sally Franklin, a young lady of distinguished merit. The next day all the ships in the harbor displayed their colors on the happy occasion.

Think of the "scareheads" and the writing up of such a story to-day.

Franklin in his capacity of statesman was obliged to live abroad much of the time, but he still took a lively interest in his family's moral welfare. In one letter to his "dear Sally," he urges her to go to church, no matter who preaches, adding, "the act of devotion in the common prayer book is your principal business there, and if properly

* "A Book of Remembrance." By Mrs. E. D. Gillespie. Illustrated. Lippincott. \$0.50 net.

attended to will do more toward mending your heart than sermons generally can do."

Mrs. Gillespie's father was the legal adviser of Stephen Girard and drew up his famous will.

A part, and I think a large part, of the income of the Girard estate [says Mrs. Gillespie], comes from "coal lands" in Pennsylvania, the purchase of which my father, assisted by a mining engineer, superintended. A short time ago, in looking over my father's papers, I found a book containing the cost of these lands. Some of them were bought at three cents an acre, and not one acre of the first purchase cost more than six cents.

This story is matched by one she tells of her father, who sold the site on which the city of Peoria now stands for \$600:

After he had paid taxes upon this land for several years he received an application to sell the tract. He agreed and named his price, which was the sum he had paid without the taxes. The purchaser took the land, and the deeds were scarcely signed when my father found there was a city (Peoria) growing up on the same spot. He was sorry then, but was much amused by the visit of a man in his office one day several years after. The man said: "Are you W. J. Duane?" "Yes," said my father. "Did you own the site of the city of Peoria?" "Yes," said my father. "Did you sell it for \$600?" Again my father said "Yes." The man rose and said: "Good-bye; I only thought I'd like to look at you," and left.

Mrs. Gillespie was in the visitors' gallery of the United States Senate when the Southern Senators took their final leave. Of this scene she writes:

I went to see Mrs. Davis the day after the farewell speech of Mr. Davis, and found him at home alone. I told him how distressed I had been at listening to his last words and of the dread I had of what would happen to the country in the future. He laughed at my fears and did his best to reassure me as to the condition of affairs. He believed that the North would never fight the South, and added: "You see how quietly they have let us all go." I assured him the North would rather fight the South than have the union broken.

As to the silence on the leave-taking of the Senators, I condemned it, and longed from the gallery to shriek "Treason!" I had inherited from my

parents firm belief in the stability of our government, and I thought the heavens and the earth must pass away before the constitution founded by our fathers could totter. Again Mr. Davis endeavored to cheer me by telling me the two governments would be entirely friendly with each other, and when I drew a picture of England pouncing on the weak country that each division would be and trying to absorb it, he assured me that the two "divisions" would form an alliance, offensive and defensive, against all foreign governments, but my fears were not dispelled, and I left him, saying: "My dear Mr. Davis, I would far rather leave with a rope around my neck, and, sitting on my coffin, would go the gallows cheerfully if I thought I could save my country from what is before her." But while he laughed at my fears I knew he suffered, and, fool that I was, I hoped. But hope soon died, and with it died as blind and supine an administration as ever held sway over our broad land.

When Dickens read in Philadelphia he singled Mrs. Gillespie out of his enormous audience as his most sympathetic listener and asked G. W. Childs, whose guest I believe he was, to present him. After one of the readings Mr. Childs took her behind the scenes and performed the rite of introduction:

Together Mr. Childs and I went into the dressing-room and found Mr. Dickens tired and warm. His welcome was most hearty; he thanked me for being an attentive listener and asked me which reading I had liked best. I told him "The Christmas Carol" and added: "I read that aloud to my mother when it was first published, and then told her I hoped I should later take a walk in heaven between Sydney Smith and Charles Dickens." Mr. Dickens laughed heartily, and after a most interesting conversation we rose to leave him. He held my hand in his and said: "Good night; I shall not forget that walk in heaven, but remember, you will see the back buttons of my coat through my heavenly body." I never heard him speak again, but hope he still remembers the walk which is to come.

Another series of readings of which Mrs. Gillespie speaks were those given by Fanny Kemble. There were no reserved seats at these readings, and as crowds attended them all sorts of expedients were resorted to. Mrs. Gillespie wanted to keep a seat for a friend who was an invalid and who could not stand the early crush. Mrs. Gillespie's ready wit accomplished the object:

I offered to go early and, if possible, hold a seat for her on the fourth bench from the front. I stood for one hour and a half in the street, and with a companion found my way to the place I had indicated to my invalid friend. We soon found that the ushers would allow no space left on the seats, and, being determined that my friend "Susan" (Mrs. J. Dickinson Logan) should not be disappointed, I took my waterproof cloak, stuffed a tippet in the hood to make it look like a human head, then holding the head up on my umbrella, the seat beside me was occupied! Whenever an usher came near I twisted the umbrella so that the front of the hood was towards me, and said (addressing the cloak), "I cannot move another inch, Susan, and I think you are unfit to come into a crowd if this is so unpleasant to you," or, "Susan, if you do not like your position you had better go home; there are many who would be glad to have your place." The stratagem was successful, at which I wondered, for all our neighbors were convulsed with laughter, but "Susan" came just before the reading began and I was contented.

When in Berlin, Bancroft, who was then our Ambassador, told Mrs. Gillespie that Bismarck, hearing that there was a descendant of Franklin in that city, made a special request to meet her. He dined at the legation on Washington's birthday, and there the meeting took place. Here is a description of the interview:

He held his helmet when I was taken by Mr. Bancroft to speak to him. As we approached him he tucked the helmet under his left arm, and taking my hand in both of his, he said: "I am proud to hold in my hand the blood of so great a man." He then asked me whether my mother was Franklin's daughter. I told him, "No; his granddaughter." He then asked me whether my mother had remembered her grandfather, and many other questions which I answered. He then said: "I may seem to you to be too curious, but I hope the cause may justify my curiosity." He said he could not understand why, if Franklin was born in Massachusetts, he was so closely identified with Pennsylvania. He was evidently well posted and only laughed when I said that Franklin had left Massachusetts as early in life as he could. He then spoke of the customs in the two countries and told me he should be glad to visit America. I answered him he would be heartily welcomed; he commented on the height of American women, and I suppose I was several inches taller on this occasion than ever before; he asked me whether I did not think the German bedsteads were short, and as I agreed with him, he

told me that he had implored his cabinet maker to make him a bedstead seven feet long, and that the man had told him it would "humiliate him to make such a thing." When he brought the bedstead home he said it was humiliating for Count Bismarck to lie in such a thing. The whole conversation lasted a long time, he speaking beautiful English and only at a loss for one word. I helped him to that one word and we parted.

There are no more amusing stories in the book than those that illustrate Mrs. Gillespie's ready wit. For instance, at the time of the famous Martha Washington Tea Party in Philadelphia three thousand tickets were delivered by the printer to Mrs. Gillespie.

When I saw them [she writes] I feared they never would be sold and put them away with sad foreboding. The next day, when not a ticket was sold, a gentleman came in and asked for ten tickets. I was much pleased but fearful of showing my pleasure. I told him I did not think I could give him ten, as we only had three thousand to dispose of! He was contented with five, and that afternoon several gentlemen came rushing in, each taking five tickets, asking for them with trembling voices.

In a short time every ticket was sold and more had to be printed.

At another time she went with a friend to a reception given at Buzzard's Bay to Mr. Cleveland.

When we reached Sandwich [says Mrs. Gillespie], we found an open carriage awaiting Mr. Cleveland, but he and the governor preferred to walk to the hall, and we were invited to take the carriage. I saw that the driver of the carriage was dissatisfied, and we were barely seated when he turned and said, "Well, as often as Grover Cleveland has been to this town I have driven him about, and I don't like this." I was determined to soothe his spirit, and after a moment said: "A good grandson has Grover been to me. I never mislaid a knitting-needle that he did not seek until he found it." The driver gazed benignly on me; I was pleased, and certain we would not be upset on our way, and proud to be considered even for ten minutes the grandmother of the man who has my profound respect and esteem.

There is not a dull page in Mrs. Gillespie's "Book of Remembrance." It is all entertaining and brimful of the author's characteristic wit.

Samuel Rawson Gardiner: An Appreciation

By GEORGE LOUIS BEER

THE appearance of the third volume of Samuel Rawson Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1654-1656," marks the passing of one of the last mile-stones in a task of Herculean magnitude. Gardiner's life-work is nearing its completion. In seventeen volumes, each one of ample proportions, he has described the history of England from the death of Elizabeth to the establishment of the Protectorate of Cromwell. Other historians have been attracted by this interesting period,—Hallam, Carlyle, Masson, Goldwin Smith, Frederic Harrison, Morley, and Firth, to mention merely the most prominent. Yet none of these writers can rank with Gardiner as an authority. In his own field he stands head and shoulders above all competitors, with the possible exception of Firth. The amount of drudgery involved in acquiring and verifying such an immense mass of information can be appreciated only by him who has spent days and days in pouring over the stained pages of musty volumes and in deciphering the puzzling handwriting of past generations. The reading public at large knows little of Gardiner, for the ample and sufficient reason that it requires effort and study to approach and to read him. Histories are no longer read as they were formerly. It has been stated on the best authority that the copy of Gibbon in a public library in a fairly large New England city had not in the course of thirty years been read through from cover to cover. Gardiner's reward does not consist in popular success, but in the scholar's satisfaction of having completely mastered his subject.)

(History is a word of double meaning, one objective, the other subjective; it denotes both the facts themselves and the narration thereof. Correspondingly the historian has two duties, both equally essential. He has to study critically the sources for his facts and then he has to show the inevitable re-

lation between these facts.) To quote a Belgian historian: "Sans l'hypothèse et la synthèse l'histoire reste un passe-temps d'antiquaires; sans la critique et l'érudition, elle perd pied dans le domaine de la fantaisie."

As an historical scholar, as an indefatigable investigator, absolutely no fault can be found with Gardiner. Every scrap of information has been carefully gathered and intelligently examined as to its probable veracity. Not only have the English records been diligently searched, but also those of foreign countries, such as Sweden, France, and the United Provinces. Gardiner is under absolutely no indebtedness to any preceding writer, and it is but rarely that a contemporary, such as Firth, can point out anything of importance that has escaped his attention. Cicero once said, "Ne quid falsi audeat, ne quid veri non audeat historia." This admonition—to admit nothing false and to omit nothing true—Gardiner has evidently always kept well in sight. Absolute accuracy and all-pervasive knowledge are the characteristics of his work.)

But this garnering of facts, the objective side of history, though of supreme importance, is but subordinate to the constructive part of the historian's work. How has Gardiner treated his material? As an historian, Gardiner is an adherent of the Freeman school, according to which "history is merely past politics." His is a political history, pure and simple. Moreover, his work is constructed on chronological and not on topical lines, and resembles in form the German "Jahrbuecher." (This is distinctly the weakest part of Gardiner's work, for annals cannot take a high place in historical literature. On the other hand, his writings are absolutely free from the extravagant hero-worship, which disfigures the works of Froude and Carlyle. He has a keen sense of the value of a given political situation, but unfortunately he looks at the situation too much from the

standpoint of the contemporary. On the other hand, he is never carried away by sentiment, and his judgment of men and affairs is excellent. Sanity and impartiality are the salient good points of his constructive work. The chronological arrangement and the purely descriptive character are its main defects.

It is evident from the above that Gardiner is not a so-called philosophical historian. He remains unmoved by the controversy which, during recent years, has been carried on in all countries,—and with special acrimony in Germany,—regarding the proper interpretation of history. The general tendency among the best thinkers is away from the purely descriptive history. It is now practically universally recognized that the old-fashioned political history “bears no fruit,” and that the process of historical development is one that admits of a scientific analysis. Historical facts are no longer treated as the background to set off some great man's actions; the standpoint is reversed. As will be readily seen, Gardiner, no matter how scientific his methods of acquiring and treating facts are, does not look upon history as a science or as something akin to a science. In this he is not in accord with the tendency of modern thought. It is admitted by all adherents of the newer school of history, that, side by side with history conceived as a science, there will always exist the bio-

graphical history, which will form a branch of literature and whose ethical value is undeniable. Even Sir James R. Seeley admitted this, though he qualified his statement by saying that the branch of literature it would constitute would inevitably be an inferior one. Writing history as he does, Gardiner's work must needs be discussed as a piece of literature. From the standpoint of literature, a history should have two attributes, form and style. Annals do not lend themselves readily to artistic treatment, and there is a conspicuous absence of what the Greeks called “form” in Gardiner's work. Nor is his style equal to that of the average English writer. He lacks the lightness of touch with which Maitland has enlivened the most abstruse questions of English legal history. Nor has he the suggestiveness of style which enables Goldwin Smith to say so much in a sentence. We miss the simplicity and directness of language by means of which Seeley made the most intricate subject pellucid. And, above all, there is wanting the dramatic contrast, the use of striking adjectives, which make Macaulay's pages so fascinating. (Gardiner's style is awkward and heavy, and his writings abound in long and involved sentences. His rank as a writer is not a high one. Nor can he be called in any sense of the word a great historian. But he is unquestionably the greatest living English historical scholar.)



Mr. William Hannibal Thomas Defends his Book

To the Editors of "The Critic":

"THE AMERICAN NEGRO" is a serious sociological study; the matured fruit of personal observation and painstaking analysis of the mental and social habits of the Negro and negroid types of people. During the last twenty years the subject-matter of this work has been given to the public through various colored and white newspapers and magazines, but without arousing protest or denial in any quarter. When it was deemed fitting to present these discussions in book form, the prepared manuscript was sent to the Macmillan Publishing Company, accompanied by a brief note from the author requesting its consideration with a view to publication. Acceptance followed without further intervention on the part of the author, or of any one else acting in his behalf. It is also befitting to say that the writer did not then, nor has he now, personal acquaintance with any member of the Macmillan Company.

Some confusion in the public mind has been observed regarding the application of the word "Negro," which has been employed to designate the subject-matter of this book. That this word is neither an exact nor an inclusive term, and therefore cannot be correctly applied to all persons of color, was presumed to be well understood. It was used, however, in this instance, partly for the sake of brevity, but largely on account of its association with that class of persons under discussion. But as there are those of negroid descent and affiliation among them who have a greater percentage of alien blood, derived from Danish, French, Spanish, German, English, Jewish, and white American sources, it follows that such persons cannot be fairly considered either as Negroes or white men. These people, who number hundreds of thousands, and of whom the writer of this book is one, may, however, so far as color enters into racial definition, be very properly termed colored Americans.

The foundation on which the essen-

tial arguments of this book rest is a full acceptance of the self-evident fact that the pure Negro type of mankind is not only a physical monstrosity, but of such mental and moral perversion as renders it incapable of self-regeneration, or of any substantial uplift, otherwise than through physical amalgamation and the assimilation of exotic mental and moral ideas. This type of the human form, as is well known, has these inseparable physical characteristics. It is dense black in color, with broad, flat feet, elongated heels, ape-like body, protruding under-jaws, wide mouth, thick lips, flat nose, egg-shaped head, stiff, woolly hair, with a brain located in the apex of the cranium, and whose range of mental activities is limited to rudimentary physical wants.

This, it will be observed, is the ancestral type from which all American Negro classes are derived, though it has now but limited existence in this country, and its ultimate eradication is believed to be practically assured. But while amalgamation has largely extinguished the physical traits of the imported Negro stock, it is none the less true that its American descendants continue to exhibit in a greater or less degree pronounced traces of transmitted mental and moral characteristics. Confronted by these undeniable facts, there is no escape from the conclusion that in any given example where a maximum degree of mental, moral, and physical characteristics is manifest, these predominant traits fix upon such individual the status of a Negro.

It is evident then that, excluding physical features, the final determination of Negro identity hinges on mental and moral qualities. For example, a man may be black in color and have pronounced traces of Negro features, but should he have acquired through any degree of amalgamation and assimilation superior mental and moral endowments, he is no longer to be regarded as a typical Negro. On the other hand, there are innumerable examples of negroid types having the

color, features, and hair of white men, but who, in all other respects, have the most pronounced mental and moral characteristics of the Negro, and undoubtedly should be classed as such. Racial types of the freed people may be divided into three classes,—the awakening, the unawakened, and the unawakable. For the latter class, which is of formidable proportions, there exists not the slightest hope of actual enlightenment. As for the other classes, suffice it to say, the most pronounced results will be secured only in those cases where ancestral traits exert the least influence on individual life. These conclusions emphasize the absolute need of intelligent study of Negro characteristics by all persons employed in movements for the upliftment of the Freedmen.

The "American Negro" is an evolutionary work, dealing with three aspects of race condition and development. Its discussions embrace such topics as "Alien Chattelism," "Decretal Freedom," "Industrial Bondage," "Material Thrift," "Characteristic Traits," "Ethnic Beliefs," "Moral Lapses," "Criminal Instincts," "Mental Training," "Social Rights," "Enfranchised Functions," "Chimerical Expatriation," "Feasible Regeneration," and "National Assimilation." Each of these chapters, intelligent people concede, has to do with matters of profound interest to the public welfare. It is to be regretted, however, that the one on "Moral Lapses" should have received such overshadowing prominence, as greatly to obscure the paramount aim of this work, which is "to build a feasible structure over the chasm, which divides the Negro as he is from that which he may become." Still, it is obvious that no discussion of the Negro question would be complete which did not include the moral status of this people. Readers of the "American Negro" are, however, warned in advance not to indulge in any "indiscriminate inclusion of all persons of color in the same category." They are frankly told that men and women of color, of strict integrity and upright living, are to be

found in all walks of life. These perhaps reach a scant million, though be their number what it may, to them is dedicated this work, and they alone are pointed out as praiseworthy examples of negroid regeneration.

Clearly, then, no colored man or woman of good moral character and fair intelligence is included among the various immoral types to which reference is made in the chapter on "Moral Lapses," and elsewhere in this book. There ought to be neither animosity nor pleasure in portraying the degrading conditions surrounding any class of people; there certainly was absence of both in writing of the freed people, though there was ever present infinite regret that incontestable facts forbade the drawing of a fairer picture of their moral living. Every sane man is aware that there is no data in existence that would give with exactness the degree and extent of Negro immorality; any one, however, by a careful analysis of a variety of facts, may obtain approximate results worthy of public confidence. Moreover, it is evident to all fair-minded people that one who has made a careful study of race conditions is in a much better condition to state actual facts than those who have made no such study, or, at best, superficial enquiries. It is also apparent that no knowledge of any worth regarding the Negro people as a whole can be had through casual intercourse with the "best colored people." There are millions of freedmen out of touch and away from the influence of any uplifting agency. Of such, no one who has not been in their midst, and is familiar with their ways, has any right to speak with any degree of authority.

The sources from which the author derived his information concerning the immoral and non-moral features of Negro life were a personal investigation of a large variety of facts connected with individual membership in many Negro churches and localities: The disclosures of clerical immorality as attested by the records of Negro associations and conferences; facts of current knowledge in the lives and acts of Negro preachers; the

confidential disclosures of many colored and white physicians; an intimate and comprehensive personal acquaintance with all phases of Negro social conditions, supplemented by clinical reports, presentments of Grand Juries, police records, court convictions, and the statements of prison officials. Obviously to enter into details here regarding specific persons or acts, either to gratify prurient curiosity or to render individual lives notorious, would be a cruel and barbarous proceeding, though were it feasible to institute a commission of open-minded persons, having the character and intelligence of the late ex-President Harrison, such information and proof could be submitted, as would substantiate in each particular every statement made in this book. Meanwhile it is a significant confirmation of the veracity of this work that not one of its statements has been refuted, nor has there been any serious attempt made in any quarter to meet "facts with facts." It may also be said with entire confidence that no adequate answer within the limits of truth is possible.

It may be further observed that the disclosures made in this book, regarding the "moral lapses" of the negro ministry, and others of the race set in authority, are not made public to create sensation, nor purposely to bring odium upon this people, but, in keeping with the spirit and aim of this book, they point out the fallacy of any hope that the Freedmen will ever become worthy members of society, so long as they are kept under a system of spiritual and mental training utterly wanting in Christian integrity. They also serve to emphasize the extent of Negro turpitude, which is so powerful in character and reaches out in so many directions that any serious attempt to eradicate its abuses would necessarily involve every Negro religious association in ecclesiastical destruction.

There are vast areas of Negro depravity North and South whose depths no moral plummet has yet sounded, and of whose existing phases a higher morality is totally ignorant. Hence, to seriously deny the right to make

public the facts, coincident with race submergment, with a view to future amelioration, is to exhibit a studied indifference to the fate of a hapless class, or else betrays such alliance with its racial defects as shrinks from that exposure which the slightest investigation is bound to reveal. To question, then, under any pretext, the right of any American citizen to investigate social or civic conditions and express judgment thereon is an odious attempt to silence free speech and free manhood. And to acquiesce in assumptions that logically lead to the extinction of all intelligent research would evince a cowardice that is altogether foreign to one who, neither in blood or bearing, has the inheritance of a slave.

The remedial agencies suggested by this work constitute its chief merit. They embrace measures for Negro betterment through education, land acquirement, moral culture, social privileges, and civic relations. The futility of indiscriminate individual training is clearly pointed out; the value of community education is strongly emphasized, with greater stress laid upon the institution of co-operative industries within the race, the whole being advisedly placed under efficient white supervision during formative periods.

The author of this work makes no pretensions to scholarship, but does claim to be thoroughly familiar with his facts, and to have some substantial convictions concerning them. One is that Negro inferiority in mind and character is incontrovertible, despite the commendable achievements of individuals of mixed blood. He has abounding faith in all sane efforts for human betterment, but admits scant respect for the delusions of optimistic folly. He retracts nothing which appears in "The American Negro," because he knows, as others may know who seek the truth, that negroid elevation will never be achieved otherwise than through the acquirement and assimilation of such ideals, principles, and qualities of mind and character as are now wholly foreign to Negro nature.

WILLIAM HANNIBAL THOMAS.

A "Sweet Singer" of Oregon

FROM Portland, Oregon, comes a volume of "Poems," by Valentine Brown, which differs in some respects from most of the books of verse published nowadays. It is a modest little maroon-colored tome, having a portrait of the author as frontispiece, with a reproduction of his autograph beneath it. There are, writes Mr. Brown, many typographical errors in the text, "the reason of which will sometime be explained." We think we detect errors of this sort in titles such as "The Hermet's Cove" and "The Laodician." But no explanation is promised for certain peculiarities, still more striking; such, for instance, as the printing of the dedication ("To A. F. Flegel, as a Token of Friendship") on the title-page; the insertion of the preface at the back of the book, and of the index at the front; the entitling of the preface "Miscellaneous," and the failure to adopt in the index any recognized system of arrangement, either alphabetical or chronological.

The preface is not free from other "peculiarities" than its position at the wrong end of the book. It is an interesting confession of faith, showing the author to be a man who writes first and thinks afterwards. Doubtless he represents in this respect a numerous class of writers—a class almost as numerous as that which writes first and does not think at all; but there is something very engaging in the artlessness of his admissions. His confession opens thus naively:

TO MY FRIENDS:—A poet without a reputation is not a poet, any more than a light encompassed by a fog is a light. Each may glory in their own luster, but the world will not remark of their brightness. I have been shining in my own room for a number of years, still my nearest neighbors have not acknowledged that any unusual brilliance has emanated therefrom.

The above comparison is delightfully apt, for there seems never to have been a time when the flame of Mr. Brown's fancy was free from an encompassing fog. His practice is to write a

series of short poems, or a single long one of a thousand lines or so, and then to discover, either by himself or through the criticisms of a friend, that his labor has been thrown away. He immediately sets to work on a new poem or series of poems, only to be disillusioned again on its completion. Many a gem of greater or less purity of ray has therefore been discarded, leaving only enough to fill 334 closely printed pages of fine type. If Mr. Flegel sees fit to publish the rejected addresses, he may do so: their fate rests with him. Let us hope that he will be more indulgent than the author himself. An editor once called some of Mr. Brown's poems "thoughts clothed in rags." "This was the first real compliment paid my writings," and if his readers are moved to apply the same epithets to two of the pieces here preserved, he will "write serene, knowing the literary critic has struck a stump." But literary criticism troubles him no longer; it is years since he lost all "desire to please anyone from a poetic standpoint." "I am the ego awoke from its slumber," he sings elsewhere.

Turning from Mr. Brown's prose to his verse, we find on page 321 an elegy entitled "The Frog." Lightly skipping the first two stanzas, in which the bartachian is introduced in a beautiful moonlight scene, we come upon the following poetic description:

From out a hedge two tiny dots were shining,
And came a plaintive note—'t was sung for me,
A weird and rhythmless number: Then reclining,
I waited there that wondrous thing to see,
And to the roadside leaped a frog with merry glee.

I knew it, for approaching it was smiling,
As glanced its eyes up where the fair moon shone;
A glance so soft, so seemingly beguiling,
I also smiled, and will not now disown
We seemed companions in that moonlit world
alone.

I stroked it gently, for I had a feeling
That we were kin, perhaps, from mother clay;
But then, my soul within me soon revealing
My dignity, I brushed it quick away;
Could lordly life such lowly creatures notice pay?

The "plaintive sadness" of his kinsman's "croak" made the poet repent him of his impatient gesture, and he exclaimed, "Come back, wee one"; but too late: for a passing carriage ran over the frog, and Mr. Brown felt in his heart that he was its murderer.

It saw me and then sought to flee away,

But gave a shudder, and was ever still;

No more its eyes beamed with a gleeful ray,

No more a throbbing heart a life did thrill—

'T was dead—a clod remained for man's own selfish will.

Since Dickens wrote "The Pickwick Papers," nothing has been produced in English literature so closely matching Mrs. Leo Hunter's "Ode to an Expiring Frog" as these touching lines of the Portland poet. No reader of "Pickwick" has forgotten Mrs. Hunter's tender and melodious poem, which commenced:

Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing;
Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog?

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and Mr. Valentine Brown and Mrs. Leo Hunter, widely separated in time and place, shake hands tearfully over a stricken frog, their hearts beating in unison to its expiring croak.

We should like to quote in full "The Love Laden Maiden," but must confine ourselves to the first four lines:

There's a maiden by the ocean,
Sadly musing with the sea,
There sojourning, she is yearning
For a lover and a tree.

The lover comes to her, but the tree remains obdurate. This is, on the whole, a joyous bit of verse—far different, in this respect, from the "Elegy on the Grave of a Tramp," who evidently died of the gripe:

Here silent rests a human form
Called noble man, ere life had fled,
He felt a chill, but not alarm,
And slept—the mortal man was dead,—

and so on, through ten mortal stanzas, more or less in the manner of Gray's

"Elegy." Another poet whom Mr. Brown flatters by imitation is the author of "The Raven" and "The Bells." Thus, in "The City of Night":

There the knaves the fools are telling
Fairy tales, until, the swelling
Of the heads will part the bands
Of their hats.

There the ghouls drink blood of woman,
Working child—and call it human,
And the slaves hold up their hands,
As blind as bats.

Mr. Brown is a master of the idyllic as well as of the satiric, and turns readily from the scathing denunciation of vice to the painting of the simplest domestic scenes, as in "Valentine":

A light from the sky, a joy from above,
An angel from heaven in the brightness of love,
Descending to earth, was given to me,
To brighten our home on the wild Wanawee;

And the wild Wanawee ripples sweeter by far,
As it flows on its way o'er the gray sandy bar,
For its soft music blends with a baby's wee cry,
And the love of a mother sings sweet lullaby.

The home which is new is a dwelling of joy,
For I meet at the doorway my wee baby boy
And the cheeks which are dimpled with smiles I
will greet

With a father's fond kiss—a kiss which is sweet.

John Howard Payne might have written these lines about the wild Wana-wee baby boy: they are about on a par with "Home, Sweet Home"; but "A Child's Paradise" is reminiscent rather of Emerson—the Emerson of "Brahma" and "The Problem." The last of its three stanzas of rhymed philosophy runs thus:

The sure effect produced from cause
Rules worlds and stars and brains and trash—
The broken frame exposes flaws;
From poison oak we get a rash.

Space forbids quotation from such masterpieces as "Ge-Aidenn," "Dance of the Ghouls," "The Shell of Form," "Zamna, or the Battle of the Cloud Snakes," etc. We have quoted enough, however, to show that the Sweet Singer of Michigan must look to her laurels. Westward the course of Poesy takes its way.
J. B. G.

Blackstick Papers. No. 5*

Egeria in Brighton

By MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE

I

IT is curious to see how quickly people and generations change their fashions. Wits, bricks, and bonnets alike whirl in every direction, shoot out loops or pinnacles, then suddenly collapse to flattest, plainest reserve. Just how our cities, as well as our clothes and our impressions, belong to every age and country, passing with bewildering rapidity from Grecian to Gothic, from Chinese pagodas to Byzantine mosaic, to Decadence, to Renaissance, to Swiss Cottages, or what not. Caves and Stonehenges may be the next fashion, for all I know. Perhaps Brighton is, more than any other place, an example of this indescribable jumble of rapid fancies, except that the sea-line remains fortunately unchanged, whatever may be happening on shore. And yet, with all the ugliness of the huge hotels rearing their pretentious fronts, of the houses that are turned out—and all their contents—by the hundred dozen, there is a certain magnificence in the long line of human habitation coasting the great sea; lit by the morning gleams and by the sunsets, and then later on by the moon and the stars, and the thousand lights of different radiance, shining up as the daylight goes out. There is a certain individuality in the breath of Brighton air, as well as in the busy streets, where so much of the pretty, homely past remains, notwithstanding all that has been added to it: from the Oriental fashions of the Regency to the Cubitt-and-portico-taste of early Victorian times succeeding the all-conquering flourishes of the eighteenth century. These flourishes, for the present, we have unanimously consented to ignore in our advancing culture, just as Catherine Morland rejected the whole city of Bath; and the writer feels that

it requires no little courage nowadays to confess that sometimes in the evening when the light is clear, and the hundred spires and domes and pinnacles of the Pavilion rise in a multitude upon the sky, a certain glamour has fallen upon her soul, and she has looked up and almost expected to hear the cries of the Moslem watchmen calling upon the faithful from the minarets.

An adventurous traveller who got as far as Brighton in 1821 has left an account of the Pavilion, which at that period nobody need have blushed for admiring with all the rest of the world. To quote Dr. Evans at length would be impossible, but a few sentences will perhaps suffice to give a general impression of his style. It is the inside of things rather than the outside that he deals with.

The aerial imagery of fancy, the embellishments of fertile invention, profusely described in the thousand and one nights; the popular tales of magic involving the enchanted palaces of the *Genii* [he says, writing of the Pavilion] fall short in splendor of detail to this scene of imposing grandeur, to these beautiful combinations and effects of myriads of glittering objects, in the plenitude of art and refinement of taste. . . .

Anyone of us who may have lately attended a concert at the Pavilion will hardly recognize the following account of the music-room.

A dome gilt with green and gold and ornamented with sparkling scales, and sunflowers which diminish in size to the centre; from which centre (among other things) hangs an ornament representing in all its vivid tints a sunflower, in all the luxuriance of seeming cultivation; from which ornament again a glittering pagoda of cut-glass depends, also a water-lily surrounded by golden dragons and enriched by various transparent devices, all emanating from the heathen mythology of the Chinese. . . . The dome itself [so we read] appears to have been excavated from a rock of solid gold; it is supported by a convex cone, intersecting itself by an octagonal base.

The mind of the reader is further

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dazzled by long descriptions of "columns of crimson, enormous serpents twisted in their diversity of color and terrific expression, . . . blue and yellow fretwork, rows of bamboo confined by ribbons, canopies, suspended lamps, marble statuary by Westmacott ornamented with ormolu columns, and finally an effulgent mirror encompassed by a glittering canopy."

"This scene of radiant and imposing splendor," we are told, "imparts the highest credit to the professional talents of F. Crace, Esq., and his qualified assistants." The banquet-hall is described at equal length.

"*A tout-ensemble* of matchless beauty, rendering words inadequate to do it justice, exhibiting grandeur without tawdriness, good taste as emanating from intellectual cultivation; and all this the work of F. Jones, Esq.," who seems to have run a dead-heat with F. Crace, Esq., and his qualified assistants.

Mrs. Barbauld, dear woman, has been called in to add poetry to this passionate prose.

And, lo! where Caesar saw with proud disdain
The wattled hut and skin of azure stain,
Corinthian columns rear their graceful forms,
And light verandas brave the wintry storms.
etc., etc., etc.

II

The writer feels within herself some mysterious impulse to emulate this bygone traveller as she writes of the great city by the sea. When her father used to start off for Brighton with his inkstand and his blotting-pad and his gold pen, it was always known that he meant play as well as work. He loved his work and his play at Brighton, and the playfellows he met there. She can remember him standing with John Leech one sunshiny morning at the window of a little ground-floor room looking toward the sea, and watching the stream of people as they flowed along the Parade. My father may have seen Miss Crawley in her chair and Rawdon Crawley and Becky herself tripping attendance; and no doubt John Leech saw dear Mr. Briggs

and his smiling family, and the little Scotch terriers, and those majestic whiskered beings and those ladies with the funny little square boots, and the flowing ringlets blowing in the wind. . . . I can just remember the two friends laughing and talking together as they stood in the window, when a droll-looking Volunteer went by.

I have often tried to make out the little lodging-house, but I daresay it is gone, and the Métropole or the Grand Hotel or some majestic emporium is in the place where it stood.

Of an evening, from our present windows, if we look we can see a fairy-like illumination flashing out to sea—a glittering stream of lights in bright arcades, and running from end to end of a gigantic pier, where music plays, and where the inhabitants of Brighton disport themselves when their day's work is over. Alas! perhaps some of us still prefer the memory of the old chain-pier to the presence of all these dazzling "improvements"—the old pier, which stood firm for so many years, while the waves flung their spray against its ship-like spars, all hung with sea-weeds and tenanted by barnacles enjoying the sweet salt darkness underneath. Up above, the old pier used to be haunted by seafaring men and their fish-wives. One of these mer-women, who remembered my father—has he not written of the old chain-pier in "Philip"?—kept her stall to the end, till the last great storm came to sweep the old sea-mark away. It was indeed a haven for memories: Helen Faucit loved it, and used to pace there with her husband; my father used to sit there smoking, so his old friend the fish-wife told me.

Miss Fanny Macaulay, who dwelt at Brighton, once said to me, "People think I am lonely here! Why, the room is simply crowded with the thoughts of those I have loved," and so this garish strand seems to be to some of us. Beyond the pier, higher up on the east cliff, there is a house neither romantic to look at nor marked in any way, but as I pass I think of my father's good friend and publisher, now gone from us, who owned it once

long ago, and how we came there after my father's death to find his memory green, and that friendship which has not changed—that legacy which other good men leave in turn to their children's children.

Another of my father's old play-mates at Brighton still sits in her chair by her fireside, with her own memories of the place where she has welcomed so many delightful people, and made them happy by her wit and kindness. Her own father, Horace Smith, dwelt at Brighton, too, and his name links us with all the great literary names of the beginning of the last century. He and his brother James knew all the interesting persons of whom they wrote in the "Rejected Addresses." Miss Horace Smith has shown me many of the old letters from Byron, from Shelley, from Leigh Hunt, chiefly sent from abroad, thanking Horace Smith for past kindnesses, for books bound and sent off to Pisa, for special editions discovered, for bills paid in London. The letters seemed very long, on very large sheets of paper, and appeared to me—besides the thanks—to be full of fresh and elaborate requisitions. Miss Horace Smith has had many links of every sort. She once told me she began her career by driving out with Princess Charlotte, who had stopped her coach to pick up some children with whom little Tizey Smith was at play. Again, I have heard her describing the dandies of her youth; one—a Caradoc, she said—so handsome and magnificent that when he fought a duel in Paris and was wounded in the arm, all the great ladies appeared with their sleeves cut away and tied up with red ribbons—*couleur de sang*. The last time I saw her I complained of a stormy wind. "I am afraid you feel it," I said, "even by your fireside." "Yes, I feel it," she answered bravely, "and I suffer from it; and then I say to myself, 'I am part of the universe.'" Prospero himself could not have spoken better.

Brighton has scarcely received its due recognition of late. Miss Crawley and Becky Sharp and Miss Honeyman and Lady Anne Newcome, of course,

are all old-established residents and patrons; but since the days of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes" I can hardly remember any mention of Brighton in contemporaneous literature, nor any heroes and heroines who have habitually visited there. I feel rather jealous for Brighton! Neither Dickens nor Bulwer nor Disraeli nor Scott nor George Eliot has sent heroes and heroines to revive there. Miss Austen writes of the comparative merits of Southend and Cromer, lingers fondly at Lyme or in the Pump Room at Bath, but ignores Brighton, as it must have been still called in her day. Mrs. Oliphant goes to St. Andrews and the Firth of Forth; Black floats from northern sea to northern sea; Mrs. Gaskell paints Whitby; Kingsley loves Clovelly. Brighton is ignored by an ungrateful generation of heroes and heroines. They are, of course, a fastidious race. They like to break their hearts in style, in beautiful parks or in lonely, crumbling mansions—not in packed lodging terraces, with neighbors by the dozen and Bath-chairmen for an audience. They prefer solitude, the midland counties, Scotland, the Lakes, the Orkneys, the Isle of Man. Brighton has certainly nothing so delightful to produce as that enchanting boat-house to which Peggotty took David Copperfield at Yarmouth, but many a Bleak House might be pointed out; and as for splendor Disraeli himself might not have disdained the glories of the Pavilion, as described by my friend and predecessor, Dr. Evans.

III

But the Fairy Blackstick does not greatly concern herself with Brighton as it is, nor even with its reminiscences, though they comprise kings, courts, favorites, and the Duke of Wellington himself. Its adjacent dependency of Roedean interests her very much.

As she is too old to fear being sent to school again herself, my tutelary Fairy Blackstick enjoys nothing so much as visiting the various seats of youthful learning and education which

are scattered about the country. We have lately described her experiences at St. Andrews. There is also this fine institution for the benefit of youth upon the Sussex downs of Roedean, near Brighton, of which the life and spirit are no less invigorating and reviving to our ancient doctrinaire.

Education, exhausted by her long efforts, may have nodded off, as the Sleeping Beauty did, towards the end of the eighteenth century, under the spells of the droning wheels of Mrs. Chapone, Hannah More, and Mrs. Trimmer. Then the great revival occurred, and Rousseau and the Edgeworths and others stepped forward to shake up the sleeping Princess of Education. Princess! Princesses would be more to the point. They do not any longer belong to any special time or place. Wherever one turns one sees them rubbing their beautiful eyes. They are in the north, and on the southern cliffs; they are in the old collegiate cities, in the London suburbs, in the heart of England's green-enclosing groves. All these Sleeping Beauties may have lain dormant for a time; but lo! they start up with wide-open eyes when that charming prince, Enthusiasm, calls them from their slumbers with a kiss.

Fairy Blackstick offered to conduct us to the adjacent seat of education. The mists were lying on the hills as we drove along the sea-coast, leaving the crowds behind us; but it was Saturday, and along the bare cliffs the holiday-makers were streaming and following each other. The mists were light and vaporous, drifting along the bare fields and cliffs, or floating upon the horizon of the sea in an indescribable fresh sweetness. The half-holiday schoolboys were out at their sports, and parties of schoolgirls from Roedean were also out, flying hither and thither, playing hockey on the downs in their dark-blue uniforms. The line of the cliffs spread wider as we climbed; we could see the footpaths running across the hollows towards Ovingdean and Rottendeane, and the cabbage-fields on the slopes, and a scattered house or two, all gently touched and softened

by the haze; and every now and then, where the veils were torn, the sea came swimming before our eyes in pools and vast lakes enclosed by vapors.

Some little way off, also tempered by a silvery vapor, rose a huge pile of buildings, like some one of those bastions one may have sometimes seen in Austria or Germany—some Moravian settlement perhaps, standing on its cliff, with belfries and clock-towers and windows upon windows. These windows, which outside seem too many for architectural effect, inside give light and air to two hundred maidens, asleep and awake.

The particular Sleeping Princess of Education who came to life in this charming spot certainly found herself in delightful surroundings when she opened her eyes upon this horizon, upon the flights and terraces and courts all looking seawards; while within, the great halls, the schoolrooms and laboratories, the gymnasiums and passages, lead from wing to wing, and—thanks to the innumerable windows—from cheerful light to light.*

Every corner of the great building speaks of light and freshness. And besides all this there is the inspiring sight of the spreading sea-line to the south, and of the downs stretching north and east, and then, far away towards the sunset, Brighton with its spires and pinnacles. Sometimes the sea from Roedean looks almost like a living thing, heaving and throbbing, and with dark markings and a strange dazzle of white flame breaking from the far horizon. On this particular day of which I write it was vague, soft, mystical, with spring in the air and birds on the wing.

I have always liked the story of Roedean—of the seven sisters who founded the schools and raised the beautiful palace in which this particular Princess of Education awoke. After long years of constancy and work, with hope and good sense and a company to back them, they raised the palace for this Princess Egeria to rule, with her fol-

* There are four great houses, each under a different regent, and each house contains about fifty girls and has its separate staff of mistresses and servants.

lowing of English girls. I have always thought the Sleeping Beauty of Roedean must have been originally christened Egeria. "A prophetic nymph or divinity," says the dictionary, "an instructress invoked as the giver of life." All this is extremely appropriate to the schools of Roedean. The air comes straight from the waves to the high cliffs where the two hundred maidens are imbibing instruction and fresh air with every breath.

I had heard at St. Andrews and elsewhere how much the young students of to-day owe to Mrs. Garrett Anderson, who came away in her youth, fresh from Cambridge honors, with new and healthy views of what education ought to be, not only for the mind but for the body, and who immediately began to preach the excellent doctrines of judicious hours, of exercise, of oxygen and hydrogen, the uses of amusement as well as of hard work, of thoroughness and good teaching. And with what success she preached anyone may judge who looks about, with or without the guidance of my tutelary Fairy Blackstick.

Schools founded upon such lines all prosper because they are schools of common sense; the children's happy health is considered as well as their vigorous mental progress. How many of us can also speak with grateful personal experience of the teaching and successful influence of another great establishment founded at Wimbledon by a well-known French lady, a born leader and teacher of the young? But whether at Allenswood on the common

—on different lines—or at Roedean on the down, it is all carried out in the very spirit of sincerity and love of youth.

"The girls are at tea," said Egeria, who had come out to meet the Fairy Blackstick (she had kindly brought us up in her chariot). Egeria led the way, and it was pleasant to follow her and to see all the young students established; talking, drinking tea, occupied by their various amusements, in libraries, gymnasiums, playrooms only—being Saturday afternoon the school rooms were empty.

"There is but one question I should like to ask you," said Fairy Blackstick, a little gravely, as she was pulling down her veil and preparing to take leave of Egeria: "when your girls come away to their own homes, to the outer world, where most assuredly everything is not arranged solely for their convenience, are you not afraid for them? Will they not feel shy, estranged, either unduly priggish or unduly depressed according to their natures?"

We were crossing the courtyard as she spoke, and we happened to be passing an open window whence came a delightful burst of musical laughter, ringing into the court, from some half-dozen maidens who were sitting round a table drinking tea. It was merry, charming laughter like a tune. In a minute it died away. "That," said Egeria, "is as good an answer as any I can give you." And so the fairy drove off, while Egeria waved farewell from her high terrace.



Assorted Fiction

"THE Helmet of Navarre" * is an historical romance. People who don't like historical romances would do well to let it alone; but those who have a taste for wholly romantic and partly historical stories will find it one of the most attractive books of its kind. It is filled to repletion with sword-play and blood-letting; and some critics have discovered in this fact proof of the author's sex not less convincing than her name. For ourselves, we are not clever enough to have detected it by so subtle a sign. But neither one's sex nor one's age should be considered in appraising the value of one's work, and it is wholly to the author's credit that she has refused, thus far, to humor the newspapers by consenting to be photographed, or interviewed, or "written up." There is no false modesty in this, nor any pose; and it argues well for her future work that she has kept her head amid all the clamor that has attended the publication of her book. What this clamor has been may be judged from the *mot* of one of the least amiable of her critics, according to whom she did not, like Byron, wake up to find herself famous, but found herself famous before going to bed, her name having become a household word before the appearance of the first instalment of her first story.

The late Charles Dudley Warner remarked, shortly before his lamented death, that he had always been looking for a detective story told with due regard to the graces of style, and that he had found it at last in "The Helmet of Navarre." This literary quality we take to be the story's chief distinction. It is too much to expect that any disciple of Dumas shall improve upon his model in the qualities of vigor and invention. There must be, of course, no lack of movement, no looseness of plot; but there can be no excuse for adding another to the endless list of tales of adventure unless, being animated and interesting throughout,

it also shows on every page the hand of the literary artist, the deftness of touch that places every word where it shall be most effective, the refinement of taste that, without precocity, rejects the good or the better word for the best. In this bustling and at times blood-curdling romance, this glorification of youth and love and the spirit of derring-do, there are no superfluous paragraphs, no baggy sentences, no ponderous and formal phrases. All is terse, tense, and to the point. There is Gallic grace in the way the gallant young Comte de Mar pinks his adversary with either hand, serenades the Rose of Lorraine under the shadow of her kinsman's hostile house, or, happily disguised as a peddler, sells trinkets under the very roof of his arch-enemy. Gallic, too, are the wit and charm of the heroine herself, Mayenne's cousin and protégée, Mlle. de Montluc. And true to his historic reputation for gallantry in both its senses is Henry of Navarre, in whose informal court at St. Denis the action of the story ends in the good old-fashioned way, with hands clasped, hushed voices, and

the two hearts beating each to each.

It would be fatuous to compare Miss Runkle's maiden effort with any one of the world's great novels, but it would be equally idle to deny its remarkable cleverness. We shall be disappointed if the author fails to follow it up with work as much better than "The Helmet," as this is better than nine-tenths of the stories of its kind.

THE question as to what makes a novel popular, or another novel—no better and no worse—unpopular, has been nagging at the public mind long enough, one would say, to have elicited some sort of reasonable response. But the nearest we seem to have come to an answer is a general air of bewilderment, and a meek but positive sense that some books the public will like and buy—400,000 of them,—and some it will not like, and that that is all there is to it. We have set the question

* "The Helmet of Navarre." By Bertha Runkle. Illustrated by A. Castaigne. The Century Co. \$1.50.

aside with other fascinating antinomies of reason and have settled down to the acceptance of the fact.

If the public would like all bad books, the question would be much simplified,—or if it would reject all good ones. Then one could sit aloft in unconcern and watch the bubbles whirl and shine. But the public is a child of nature. It turns its great orb impartially on the good and on the bad and shines on the just and on the unjust, on the wheat and on the tares. It has no orthodox, Bostonian sense of the necessity of being infallible. Happy public!

When "The Heritage of Unrest" * booms into the thousands, the irresponsible public has no pusillanimous fear that it may be liking the wrong thing. It merely likes it. For years the public has been kept under. Publishers have served to it dainty bits on silver salvers and classics on trenchers, and poetry in gold goblets; and the public has done the best it could to make a meal off the feast spread before it. But for the most part it has left it alone; and publishers have been able to say, with a kindly superior, and wistful air, that the general public does not care for books. But now the day of the general public has come and publishers have descended hastily from pedestals of observation. They are at the feet of the crowd. "The public," with a devil-may-care interest in literature, is dictating the reading matter of the civilized world.

The public has decided that "The Heritage of Unrest" is to be a popular novel. Translated literally, this may mean that it is a book of average merit, written for average people about average people by one of themselves. Translated spiritually it may mean that it is a book written by a genius; having traits that make it pleasing to the crowd and a power that carries them on in spite of themselves.

The superficial traits that make a book pleasing to the public are not far to seek. They have to do usually either with horror or with transfigured

homeliness, or impossible adventure. In "The Heritage of Unrest," horror is the popular ingredient. The recital of a half-dozen scenes and situations from the book would cause the average reader of THE CRITIC to turn the page with a feeling of swift resentment. Presented in the commonplace language of the uninspired critic the scenes would be revolting. Presented in "The Heritage of Unrest" they rise at times to the level of art; but underneath them all is the constant appeal to the popular love of the horrible. It needs something strong and ticklish to satisfy a public regaled for two years and more on battles and broadaxes and bloodshed, on spears and tortures and the groans and the trampling of armies. "The Heritage of Unrest" meets the demand. In the incident of the bread-knife which was used to rip open the pockets of putrefied corpses found on the plain, the flavor is sufficiently strong to give even the most jaded palate a sensation; and the incident is recalled and played upon and hinted at until even the dullest reader must respond to the possibilities that lie in an autopsical bread-knife. Liking or disliking is largely a matter of taste; and for one who is inclined to hold up her skirts and pick her way fastidiously, a dozen may be found who will seize the opportunity for a glorious plunge—an exhilarating mud-bath in the sacred Ganges of fiction, and the dozen will buy the book.

It is easy to be satirical at the expense of a popular book. One may become almost witty in attack. He may be on the point of dismissing the popular novelist once for all to his own place—when, of a sudden, the breath of flowers steals across the way, a freshness of spring is in the air, the memory of Elizabeth in Her German Garden floats up, and the critic is dumb. For Elizabeth in Her Garden is popular, though she has neither gore nor glorified homeliness nor wild adventure to recommend her to the general public. Perhaps the general public does not read her? Perhaps not. Somebody does. Let it suffice to call her popular. She may redeem the word.

* "The Heritage of Unrest." By Gwendolen Overton. Macmillan. \$1.50.

In "The Forest Schoolmaster,"* by Peter Rosegger, one finds a book as unique in its way as that of the "First Elizabeth," but there is a difference. While the experiences of Elizabeth deal with sunlight and flowers and the Man of Wrath and children and salads, "The Forest Schoolmaster" is full of gloomy pine-light, with lofty peaks and the brawl of mountain brooks. Half-savage peasants glide among the pines,—outlaws, strange, uncouth figures that belong to the shadows. The book is full of shadows—full of suggestion. It is damp and weird, uncannily human,—not a book to be lived in, but one to be visited in a while, as the young Baron visited the Winkel Forest for healing. Beyond the Winkel Forest lies the land of elfs and of fairies. Wotan dwells there and Freya. In childhood one played there, close to the gloomy wood and loved it. And on the heights where Andreas climbed to look once more for the Golden Sea, the gates of another world stand open.

"Old Bowen's Legacy"† is a story of homely life told in homely, unpretentious fashion. Perhaps that is why people will like it. The book is not realistic in the usual sense of the word, that is, the characters are not lifelike, but the qualities attributed to them are very human. They are the qualities that the public delights to honor in fiction or on the stage—simple justice, uprightness of character, faith in one's fellow men, and a desire to help every one to do his best. When these qualities are set over against greed, hardness of heart, harshness of judgment, and contempt of one's fellow men, they are thrown into vivid relief; and when in the end the good qualities triumph over the evil the sympathetic reader is filled with a sense of elation that is very pleasant to experience, whether as the reward for one's own well-doing or vicariously as a tribute to fiction.

The plot interest of the story is its chief merit. The opening chapters give the conditions of the legacy. Old

Bowen, who has lived a close-fisted, unsympathetic life, is moved on his death-bed to leave his fortune in the hands of three trustworthy citizens of Felton to be bestowed—as Old Bowen puts it, "where it 'll do th' most good in this 'ere village o' Felton, any time within a year." As he tersely stipulates that the money is not to go to any church nor to buy books, and that it must be used for one large object and not for several small ones, the problem of the trustees becomes somewhat complicated and the reader's interest is sufficiently whetted to carry him easily along to the final pages of the book, where light dawns upon the trustees and upon the reader both, and "Old Bowen's Legacy" accomplishes its destined end.

"The Successors of Mary the First"* attacks the most vital problem of modern times. It will be read with a thrill of sympathy by every unoffending housewife who has found herself at five minutes' notice groping helplessly about in her own kitchen trying to evolve from chaos a family dinner; and with even keener sympathy will it be read by the unoffending husband who, two hours later, has sat down to eat this dinner face to face with the aggrieved and flushed and desperate substitute. The artist who can portray the world as it really is will never lack readers, and the author who can add to reality the touch of humor that the situation yields will win the admiration of countless households. One can fancy them, all over the land—eager wives calling to drowsy husbands across the evening lamp: "Oh, George, just listen to this! It's too good! It's just the way we acted last week—when Mary gave notice. Listen!" And the bosom of the household—the average American household—will swell with pride and shake with laughter at the clever touch, which, out of the lives of every-day people like themselves, has made a delightful and humorous book.

As a satire on the servant-girl problem the book will meet with keen ap-

* "The Forest Schoolmaster." Peter Rosegger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

† "Old Bowen's Legacy." Edwin Asa Dix. Century Co. \$1.50.

* "The Successors of Mary the First." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

preciation. But the real satire—the satire that gives the book almost the value of an historical document, the vigorous presentation of the vulgarity of the average American household—will perhaps meet with less ready recognition. Precocious, ill-bred, affectionate Hazel, the darling of her parents' hearts and the despair of their wisdom, will find a prototype in hundreds of ill-regulated American families. But so skilfully have Mrs. Ward's fingers

touched her, so cunningly have they interwoven the faults, the keenness, the slang, and the loveliness of this impossible child, that few households will feel the sting of the delicate lash that strokes them—as little as they will feel the gentle irony of the thousand and one details of this average American family that lived on Peach Street, in the village of Sweet Home, a little way out from Boston.

JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA: Youthful but ambitious questioners were advised by Lord Beaconsfield to avoid asking who wrote the Letters of Junius and who was the Man in the Iron Mask. When bored by the novel "Pamela" he said that he wished that lady could have married the author of "Junius," and that they had both retired into private life. During the past month, and almost on Primrose Day, new works have appeared, presumably issued by various publishers, both upon the Letters of Junius and the Man in the Iron Mask. Both subjects are of the kind called hardy annuals, and occasionally they attain to an almost too vigorous growth. What does it matter who wrote the Letters of Junius or who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

The most cheerful book I have met with is by that mirth-provoking Frenchman, Max O'Rell. Every Frenchman says, "I am a man, and everything that concerns woman interests me." Does not every Englishman say the same? At any rate, Max O'Rell, out of the fulness of his large heart, has written a book and called it "Her Royal Highness Woman." What Max O'Rell knows not about woman you may depend she does not know herself. It is a pleasure to find a book to which one can give such unstinted praise. I go about with a marked copy. Max O'Rell is so cosmopolitan. He has made woman his hobby all over the world. The man who does this in a nice caressing way is bound to be a

success. He loves American women a lot. "If I could choose my sex and my birthplace I would shout to the Almighty at the top of my voice, 'Oh! please make me an American woman.' " This occurs twice over in the volume. There is a large book-buying public in America, and authors know this. When Gladstone was speaking with enthusiasm about the noble conduct of the United States in providing pensions to the extent of many millions a year for persons who had been in the Civil War, Lowell said, "I do not wish to disparage the generosity of my countrymen, but I may justly observe that these persons are voters." No one buys books so liberally as does the American woman. If the licence of Brigham Young were allowed him he would for preference make love to an Englishwoman or a "fair daughter of Virginia." He would have his house kept by a German wife; "my artistic inclinations I would trust to a Frenchwoman; my intellectual ones to an American one; and, when life got a bit dull, and I wanted my blood stirred up, I would call on my Spanish wife." It is a great pity that the Bay of Biscay lies between this country and Spain, and that the overland route is so slow. The maxims and concentrated wisdom in "Her Royal Highness Woman" might well be published by themselves. "A man may be good, but he must not overdo it." "I advise a woman to shun a dragon of virtue." Dragoons are a better choice. "Never go down

on your knees to declare your love, for you will spoil your trousers." "Never put your hand near your lady's waist-band or round her neck. Place it about the middle of her back: there are no pins there." "The most religious woman will postpone an interview with her Maker for an appointment with her dressmaker." "A loving woman will keep her heart warm as long as she lives, and her hair black as long as she dyes." "Woman should have two great aims in life: trying to be beautiful, and succeeding in being pleasant." "When you are dead, said the cynic, it's for a long time; but when you are married, it's forever." "If you are bald never make love to a woman taller than you. Looked at from below, you are all right." "Avoid a woman who has won the applause of the public; if you marry a well-known singer you will soon discover yourself in the act of carrying her roll of music." "Women dress for breakfast, and undress for dinner." "The sight offered at the Opera is like the view in a Turkish bath." "Society ought to be exposed!" "There is nothing Society more enjoys than being exposed. Look at their lovely shoulders. You remember the lady who wrote her invitation thus: 'Do come to lunch on Sunday; but if you can't do that, come on Monday afternoon, I shall have nothing on.'" "Who says the world is sad, and that we are not gay."

"Adam," it is said, "must have been a happy man; he had no mother-in-law." And Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist, says in "Seraphine," "If ever you have to choose between living with your mother-in-law or shooting yourself, do not hesitate a single moment—shoot her."

Women of forty enjoy the grace of perfect self-possession. "The Watteau of eighteen becomes a Rubens at forty." "The woman of forty is a joy—an intoxicating and incomparable joy." I here recall William Watson's fine lines:

So I have seen on some fair woman's face
While viewless yet was Time's more gross imprint,
Some faint invasion of the Vandal years,

Some deeper beauty than youth's cloudless grace,
Wake subtler dreams and touch me nigh to tears.

Continually I am asked, "Are there any new memoirs, any good biographies?" I am bound to admit that, more often than not, the only memoirs available are the lives of foolish widows. Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a very amusing and brilliant paper in the last *Anglo-Saxon Review*, laments that in England we bury our dead under the monstrous catafalque of two volumes octavo. "The 'life' of the deceased begins with the day of his death." There is a kind of biography which, as it were, comes in with the undertaker. The newspapers announce, "We regret to state that the eminent taxidermist, Viscount Beeswax, passed away after a long illness at ten o'clock last night. The funeral will take place on Friday next, and the biography will be undertaken by the Bishop of Bodkin, a life-long friend of the remains." "Since I began to write this page," says Mr. Gosse, "no doubt the memoirs have been published of a bishop, a hospital nurse, three railway inspectors, two botanists, and a military man." The widow is quite the worst of all biographers. "She paints her subject quite smooth and plump, with a high light upon his forehead, and a sanctimonious droop of his eyelid." She dwells on instances in which he was "a help to others," and a "wonderful example to the young." She carefully abstains from "scratching the flawless pinkness of his wax." If biography may be divided—as a clever woman once divided it—into autobiography and ought-not-to biography the works of widows might well be classed among the last-named, and if, in future, biographies of model men are excluded from this letter, I hope I shall have been found to have sufficiently excused myself for the omission. There are other biographies going. Mr. Walter Sichel has published a "Life of Bolingbroke," and Justin McCarthy has at last completed his entertaining volumes upon the four Georges. There are other memoirs coming: "A Life of the Duke of Beaufort" and some

volumes by Lady Ilchester upon Lady Sarah Lennox. The treasures of Holland House are inexhaustible.

Mr. W. H. Irving, who is remembered for his clever (if unconvincing) "Life of Jeffreys," and is never so happy as when studying crime—historically, of course—has now taken some well-known French criminals, and found these gentlemen—Lacenaire, Troppman, Pranzini, and many others—to be artists to the finger-tips. Crime as a fine art has never been properly understood. Only one writer in England before Mr. Irving has, I believe, ever discovered in a criminal the desire to be elegant and polished. When we speak of criminals we are apt to think of them as all of the Bill Sykes type. But this is not so. There was a famous murderer called Wainewright, who despatched one at least of his victims because she had thick ankles. The study of criminal types of face and deportment has been much neglected, except by that accomplished person, Sherlock Holmes. All books about criminals should be fairly illustrated. A firm of publishers some two or three years ago issued a book called "Mysteries of Police and Crime." They are now reissuing the book fully illustrated, and you see it about everywhere. Had Cruikshank been alive to illustrate "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," the success of that book would have been phenomenal. Pranzini, one of Mr. Irving's heroes (or will he mind my calling them villains?), was addressed by a feminine adorer (an English widow by the way) as "My magnificent dear." Portraits of both Pranzini and the widow would have added much to the success which Mr. Irving's volume is sure to receive. Mr. Irving is well equipped to edit a series to be called "English Men of Crime; or, Rulers of Sin."

Two new volumes of Sir Mountstuart Duff's Diary have just appeared, bringing his notes down to 1891. Here is entertainment for every one, and valuable material for future historians. There are one or two good things related by Sir Mountstuart Duff about

Palmerston and "Bobby" Lowe. Lowe's first wife said to him, "Robert, if you were as stingy in domestic matters as you are as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I would go away and leave you altogether." "My dear," was the reply, "it is a great temptation." When Palmerston once replied to a speech of a very dramatic and action-loving orator, he commenced his reply, "We have heard, perhaps I may even say we have seen, the speech of the right honorable gentleman." A very deaf M.P. was doing his best to catch with his ear-trumpet the words of an extremely dull speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Lowe, "throwing away his natural advantages." Lady Malmesbury told Sir Mountstuart Duff that some one once asked her mother the color of the dress she was wearing. "It is called," she replied, "flamme du Vésuve." "You make," was the rejoinder, "a very pretty crater." Lord Aberdare relates that an acquaintance of his was in the habit, whenever he wanted a little distraction in London, of jumping into a hansom and telling the man to drive to the Theological Gardens. He never failed to be taken straight to the wild beasts. When Bishop Stubbs, lately dead, was starting on a journey from Chester Station, the station-master said to him, "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find sixteen," answered the other. "Then you are a Dissenter," rejoined the Bishop. Henry James is quoted in the Diary as relating an American story, in which the humor lies in exaggeration. A husband had said, "My wife came down to see me off by the train, but it moved so quickly that I kissed a colored girl at the next station." Talking of kissing, a lady asked an Irish friend whether they had mistletoe in Ireland. "No," he replied, "what kissing we do we do under the rose."

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, May, 1901.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of *THE CRITIC*, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editors.

BELLES LETTRES

Abbott—The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. By Lyman Abbott, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.

Dr. Abbott approaches the Study of the Sacred books of the Hebrew peoples after the literary manner. He recognizes the religious consciousness as sufficient and genuine medium of divine inspiration. The Literature and Life of the Hebrews are as colored windows—through which shines the light of God—only in the run of the years with an ever increasing whiteness. Thus gazing at "the Souls' East window divine surprise" Dr. Abbott gives helpful interpretations to the thought and deeds of this strange *mesto-Semite* tribe of olden times.

Brooke—Religion in Literature. Religion in Life. By Stopford A. Brooke, LL.D. Crowell, 60c.

From the Merrymount press we have this little volume executed after the fashion set by Wm. Morris at Kelmscott. The essays themselves are well worth the beautiful printing. Dr. Brooke has not only a familiarity with literary form but a philosophic judgment of literary content. Even if you differ, as we do, from some of Dr. Brooke's estimates of life and literature, you do it with perfect respect, and keep in memory the many good and helpful interpretations that have come from him.

Cross—Selections from Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated and Annotated. By Richard James Cross. Holt, \$2.00.

An elegant book of elegant extracts, that is all. Mr. Cross has excerpted such passages as he thinks to breathe a more modern and less mediæval air, and prints them, the Italian and his English translation on opposite pages. We cannot conjecture how popular this effort may prove. Mr. Cross has omitted some of the finest passages in the *Divina Commedia* and in reducing others to English prose.

Dowden—Puritan and Anglican, Studies in Literature. By Edward Dowden. Holt, \$2.00.

Professor Dowden's literary studies are always valuable, for his learning is extensive and varied. His analysis is clever and just and somewhat superior to his synthesis. It is surprising that with his extended knowledge of literature he should not correlate more widely. Sir Thomas Browne, Hooker, Vaughan, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Bunyan, Herbert, and Baxter are the chief writers whom Dr. Dowden discusses. The virtue of his literary form is that it has beauty and precision without precisiosity.

Martin—Lucid Intervals. By E. S. Martin. Harper, \$1.50.

It is pleasant to have a collection of "Lucid Intervals"—ten of them in one volume—to put on the shelf to look at, perhaps to take down, now and then at appropriate moments, and peep into. There are other essayists there on the shelves whose work belongs to lucid intervals. There is Lamb and Montaigne and Walter Pater and—for some of us—the gentle Scotchman—not the fire-eater—and Plato; and with these men must the author of "Lucid Intervals" be ranged, since it is with these that he has attempted to compete. He is not of the strenuous ones. He does not upbraid or challenge or rebuke. He laughs the foolishness away.

The type is not new. Every age has had its representative spirits that laughed while the old world creaked and groaned on its axis. They are the men and women who knew the real world and who knew it well enough not to expect too much of it, though they might still hope for good; the presence of such spirits being, if we believe Mr. George Meredith, the ultimate test of civilization.

Judged by this test, our own civilization is perhaps not so far astray as some of us in moments of despondency are wont to think. Granted that we are the most commercial nation on the globe, the most bourgeois, the most superficial, the most vulgar, granted that our architecture is mongrel and our ideal of society somewhat limited,—granted the worst that can be said, and over against it all must be placed the simple fact that we have cultivated men and women who know how to laugh. It has been said that New York has no type. But is not the man who laughs the typical New Yorker? Where, outside New York, does one encounter him—the man whose face has a touch of sternness, but whose lips and whose eyes laugh softly as if some subtle inner sense of the humor of things had just appeared to him? Where outside of New York, would one hope to find a collection of "Lucid Intervals"—ten of them?

Moulton—A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible. By Richard C. Moulton. Heath, \$1.00.

Professor Moulton is already favorably known from his "Literary Study of the Bible." This book is not merely an abridgement of the former larger work, but treats of the contents of the sacred books regarded from the literary standing point. The form of the work is free from technicalities and is intended for the general reader.

Sweven—Riallaro: The Archipelago of Exiles. By Godfrey Sweven. Putnam, \$1.50. Perhaps a hundred years hence, some one will rate Mr. Sweven the equal of Jonathan Swift. Riallaro,

is a satire, containing interesting parts and some clever criticism of the world; but for a satire it is too long to be a grand success. If the scolding is protracted the scolded become callous and then bored. The invention of the author is at times a little heavy. Martial and Aristophanes might properly be invoked by Mr. Sveven. Even La Fontaine could give him points.

BIOGRAPHY

Baildon—Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study in Criticism. By H. Belyse Baildon. With two portraits. Wessels, \$1.75.

As there are only eight books on Stevenson to be had, the author of this "Life Study in Criticism" modestly offers us a ninth, pending the arrival of the authorized biography by Mr. Graham Balfour. He has written newspaper and magazine articles on the personality of his old school friend; has lectured on the subject, and has now gathered together and supplemented for publication in book form, a series of papers recently contributed, by request, to *Englische Studien*. The charm of the work, which is written in a style colloquially diffuse, lies in the author's naïve adulation of the brilliant and very lovable writer to whom it is devoted. Entertaining as his book is, however, there is reason to apprehend that R. L. S. himself would not wholly relish its gushing tone, nor the extraordinary comments of the author on the subject of his falling in love with the woman he married.

Gould—Louis Agassiz.—By Alice Bache Gould. (Beacon Biographies). Small, Maynard & Co. 75c.

Louis Agassiz was about the last of the great naturalists of the old school. His personality was impressive and there was a deep tenderness in his nature. He was a scholar of great simplicity of heart and, like all profound students, he was naïve in many of his ways. For science he felt an immense devotion, for the material rewards of his labor he was to a great degree indifferent. We who knew the "Great Professor" loved him sincerely and will honor his memory while life lasts, and welcome this little sketch written by a devoted admirer.

Green—William Pitt (Earl of Chatham) and the Growth and Division of the British Empire. (Heroes of the Nations). By Walford Davis Green. Putnam, \$1.50.

If the reader wants a full and accurate record of the *agenda* of William Pitt he will find them in this biography. Trufelsdröckh characterized certain biographers and historians as "dry-as-dust." That term may sound too strong for the author of this book, but Mr. Walford Green does not imitate the literary graces of the historian of the English people. The final chapter of this "life" lightens up a little, like the gleaming sunset of a glowering day. As to the rest, however, all is there—all the material—all the facts.

Hodges—William Penn. By George Hodges. The Riverside Biographical Series, No. 6. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75c.

Howitt—The Queens of England. By Mary Howitt. Revised by Geneva Armstrong. Illustrated. Wasson & Co., \$1.50.
A new edition of an interesting book.

Merwin—Thomas Jefferson. By Henry Childs Merwin. The Riverside Biographical Series, No. 5. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75c.

Müller—My Autobiography. A Fragment. By the Rt. Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. Scribners. \$2.00.

Max Müller died full of years and honors. The work which will longest keep his name in the memory of the world is his monumental work in devising and editing "The Sacred Books of the East." He was a widely discursive writer and in his later years much given to philosophy. This bent, rather than minute Sanscrit learning, gave him a peculiar fitness for such editorial work. His reminiscences are always interesting and often picturesque.

Sedgwick—Father Hecker. By Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. (Beacon Biographies). Small, Maynard & Co. 75c.

Isaac Hecker, the founder of the Paulist Community was of German extraction. He passed into the Roman Church through Brook Farm and New England Transcendentalism. Orestes Brownson led him. Father Hecker was a man of deep piety and extreme enthusiasm. His purpose was to found a society to convert Americans to the Roman Church. Prematurely aged from overwork his last years were saddened. This story of his life is admirably written. Touching the main points of Father Hecker's career it moves along with rapidity and holds the reader to its last page.

Slattery—Felix Reville Brundt, 1820-1898. By Charles Lewis Slattery. Longmans, \$1.50.

Mr. Brundt figured for years prominently in the affairs of the nation and of the Church. Though a civilian, he was made prisoner in the Civil War and confined in Libby Prison. In the endeavor to prevent a separation of Convention of the Episcopal Church North and South, after the war, Mr. Brundt did efficient work. Also he was a power on the Indian Commission that the appeals of Bishop Whipple caused the Administration to create. After a godly, gentle, fine, and useful life, Felix Brundt "fell on sleep" three years ago, while to those who knew him his memory is as a delicate perfume.

Tarbell—A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Ida M. Tarbell. With a sketch of Josephine, Empress of the French. Illustrated. McClurg, Phillips & Co., \$2.50.

Written in popular style, this book gives enough of the life of Napoleon and Josephine to satisfy those who do not wish to make an exhaustive study of the great Emperor. There are also glimpses of the other members of the Bonaparte and Beauharnais families, and the book is fully illustrated from the collection of Napoleon engravings in the National Library, and from the best French collections.

Washington—Up from Slavery. An Autobiography. By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, \$1.50.

Of late Mr. Booker T. Washington has become a portentous figure in considerations of the race problem. His influence is benign and his method of work discreet. No one but is impressed with his personal integrity and intellectual force. This book is merely what its title connotes, an autobiography interestingly written, at first for the *Outlook*. The autobiography involves an account of Mr. Washington's work at Tuskegee. The book as well as its author commands the respect of the American people.

Wilkins—The Love of an Uncrowned Queen.

Sophie Dorothea, Consort of George I.
By W. H. Wilkins. Stone, \$2.00.

There is a certain Mr. W. H. Wilkins who deems himself bound to place before the world his discoveries with regard to the love affair between the wife of the first of the Hanoverian rulers of Great Britain and Count Philip von Königsmarck. This love affair has, to be sure, been treated by certain other writers—incidentally it has been treated by Thackeray—but Mr. Wilkins believes that he has new light upon it. He has run to earth the correspondence between the lovers, and upon it bases a new theory as to the characters of both Königsmarck and the Princess Sophie Dorothea. Part of the correspondence was known to Thackeray as well as others, and their opinion of the Princess was that she was a hard lady to live with, and their opinion of Königsmarck was that he was a great rogue. Mr. Wilkins thinks that both lovers were sinners to be sure, but in a measure justifiable sinners.

The contents of the letters, however, now presented in their entirety for the first time in English, hardly seem to prove that Thackeray was wrong. Particularly with regard to Königsmarck is there lacking evidence of anything except that he wrote literary devotion to the Princess; there is nothing to show that he was faithful to her, or that he did not boast of his liaison with her. The letters themselves are rhapsodies of love, and rather tame. The chief merit of the book lies in the lively descriptions of Court life in Hanover during the seventeenth century.

FICTION

Barlow—From the Land of the Shamrock. By Jane Barlow. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

Undoubtedly Miss Barlow knows Irish peasant life and character, but these fourteen stories must be read in the proper mood or they do not appeal. Their humor is not such as to compel attention whether one will or no. In this respect they are no better reading than Seamus McManus's stories, although in literary quality they are far superior. Perhaps we expect too much of Irish writers.

Bates—Martin Brook. By Morgan Bates. Harper, \$1.50.

We marvel how this story got into print. It runs on like a larger Sunday School book, with a simplicity that would be naive were it not a bore. The moral *motif* of the story is once long since granted by every one, the abolition of slavery in the United States. As a picture of American types of life and character, this novel strikes us as blurred and clumsily drawn, lacking knowledge of human nature, literary force, and maturity of thought and style.

Bullen—A Sack of Shakings. By Frank T. Bullen. McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25.

Slight as are these sketches, they have life in them. Lovers of sea stories and of sailors' yarns will affect them. To the rest of the world they are unintelligible trifling. Perhaps it is not fair to call these papers fiction, but who knows? They are a "sailor-man's" yarns. We wish them well.

Carr—Love and Honour. By M. E. Carr. Putnam, \$1.50.

The current of this tale flows out from the French

Revolution and is laden with incident and character well conceived and told with a fairly skilful narrative style. The *motif* of the tale is not stale. An extremely fine character, Ostenburg ruins his life, so far as go outward things, by his honourable love for a woman whom he could not marry. Read the story and you will see how this was thus.

Clark—God's Puppets. A Story of Old New York. By Imogen Clark. Scribner, \$1.50.

The difficulty with most stories, the scene of which is laid in the middle of the eighteenth century is that the illusion of a condition of life one hundred and fifty years ago is not impressed upon the reader. The standpoint is generally the present with a glance backward to modern characters dressed in old-time clothes and swearing eighteenth-century oaths. The best thing that can be said about "God's Puppets" is that the illusion is quite complete. The Dutch dialect, however disagreeable to read, gives the atmosphere of Domino Kyerssen's household, and there is no slip from quaint into modern English. Quiet Annetje Kyerssen and mad-cap Peggy Crewe, who rode her brother's horse as jockey, are admirably contrasted.

Cooper—The Monk Wins. By Edward H. Cooper. Stone, \$1.25.

Nothing could be taken to represent more clearly the difference between the society of England and that of America in its sentiments towards the turf than this story of love and horse racing. This story seems to be written to glorify the turf and to show how excellent may be the character of the sporting fraternity—over in England. The picture may be idealised. At any rate, Miss Branksome, the owner of the racers is a fine young woman. The literary skill of the author shows a practiced pen. "The Monk" was one of the racers.

Crockett—The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated, Stokes, \$1.50.

With so many human documents at his command, and knowing the country of which he writes as well as he does, one would think it would have been possible for Mr. Crockett to have given his last book, "The Silver Skull," a convincing touch.

He says of his book, "In its main features it can hardly be called a romance, so close has the story been kept to the material facts." In the letter this may be true, but in spirit "The Silver Skull" is as far removed from human life as may be.

It is a melodrama, from the beginning, where the heroine watches the slaughter of all her kinsfolk, to the end, where the priest dies smoking his cigarette.

Although the scene is laid in the first part of the nineteenth century, the story is told in archaic English, with what end in view it would be difficult to imagine, unless perhaps it may be in the hope of giving an impression of Italian,—in which case the author has failed.

"The Silver Skull" is a golden treasury of all the old phrases. Eyes "glint red," people speak with a "curl of the eyebrow upward," the priest voice assumes "a sudden metallic note," and the heroine is often "stricken cold from head to foot," and no wonder for the "blood flows freely" on every page.

No one can take exception to melodrama that is frankly melodramatic, but melodrama that tries to pass itself off as historical romance is "full of dead men's bones."

Dunbar—The Fanatics. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

One might regard this as a story based upon a worn if not almost obsolete theme. The scene is laid in Ohio at the outbreak of the Civil War, and is concerned with love that political prejudices hindered from running without ripples. It is not profound as a character study. All there is of it is upon the surface. As to the rest, it is told simply and without sensation or affectation.

Eggleston—A Carolina Cavalier: A Romance of the American Revolution. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated by C. D. Williams. Lothrop, \$1.50.

Mr. Eggleston's novel shows the hand of the amateur in fiction. The style is conscious and the history and romance are not interwoven. The history appears as constant justification for the author's statement of certain facts in his story, e.g., if Roger Alton subscribed a letter to his father, "Your most obedient humble servant and son," it was because stately phrases were customary at that time, the author tells us. This is the harshest criticism to be made. There is an old-fashioned flavor in style, a courteous attitude towards the characters which is most appropriate for a story of a Southern cavalier. Best of all, the story is interesting.

Grand—Babs the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Harper, \$1.50.

Though most of the characters in this book seem as improbable as the heroine is impossible, it is pleasanter in tone than some of Sarah Grand's former works. She retains her old grudge against the stronger sex, the noble young man of the story being such a prig that one is tempted to prefer some of her less worthy masculine creations.

Ewell—A White Guard to Satan. By Alice M. Ewell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.

The title to this story seems fantastic. It is explained by the following extract we make from the "Burwell Papers," published in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections. These papers were discovered in an old Virginia mansion, and relate to what is known in history as Bacon's Rebellion. Nathaniel Bacon "thought it not amiss, since the lion's strength was too weak, to strengthen the same with the fox's brains, . . . to bring into the camp some of the prime gentlewomen whose husbands were in the town; where, when arrived, he sends one of them to inform her own and the others' husbands, for what purposes he had brought them into camp, namely to be placed in the fore front of his men, at such time as those in town should sally forth upon him. The poor gentlewomen were mightily astonished at this project, neither were their husbands void of amazement at this subtle invention. If Mr. Fuller thought it strange that the Devil's black guard should be enrolled God's soldiers, they made it no less wonderful that their innocent and homeless wives should thus be entered a white guard to the Devil." This much explains the title and gives the main part of this little story. For the rest, the author throws in a little romantic love, and makes a plot.

Goodwin—Sir Christopher: a Romance of a Maryland Manor in 1644. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.

If the historical romance can be believed, what thrilling years the first years of our country must

have been. What murders, raids hangings and burnings filled the days of our ancestors. Besides these excitements they had pirates by sea and Indians on land.

No writer feels he has done his duty unless he treats the reader to most of these happenings, beside a shipwreck or two. The reader may feel thankful if he is spared a bloody scene with Indians hacking women and children to pieces. The historical romance has its place, of course, and it has been of great material benefit to both author and publisher. But how refreshing a new plot would be, some variant of the brave gentleman who is prevented from attaining his beautiful and high-spirited lady—by king, clergy, or some cruel parent, and to win her for his own, the poor hero must perform such a number of heroic acts that the bewildered reader feels that he has been witnessing a trapeze performance.

Of such is "Sir Christopher." It is no better nor worse than many stories that have been, and many that will be. Maud Wilder Goodwin has outwitted the Indians, but otherwise she has conformed faithfully to tradition, and Sir Christopher undergoes the usual routine of adventure.

Gordon—Sons of the Covenant, A Tale of London Jewry. By Samuel Gordon. Jewish Publication Soc., Philadelphia, \$1.00.

This is a fine, pure piece, but painted in quiet colors. The genius of Zangwill, when he pictures the Ghetto, is wanting, but there is some faithful photographic work. The plot which is plausible is too short for the length of the book—five hundred pages. There is insignificant dialogue which delays the story and does not help to develop characters or plot. It ought to be cut out. Otherwise this novel is somewhat above the average of its contemporaries.

King—Dog-Watches at Sea. By Stanton R. King. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.

These sketches read like fiction though the author in his preface describes them as personal experience. Perhaps it is not fair to follow the proverb about sailors' yarns. These, however, are good yarns and will not fail to please lovers of seafaring life. They are told with picturesqueness and variety, and are not too startling.

Litchfield—The Moving Finger Writes. By Grace Denio Litchfield. Putnam, \$1.25.

Speaking of the heroine, the moving finger writes: "Her eyes, finely drawn and of a shade darker than her hair, and her straight nose with its sensitive nostrils, added a delicate strength to the face further emphasized by the steadfastness of her eyes. These were wide and earnest, starred with dark lashes, and splendid with a color of their own that was neither hazel nor tawny nor brown, yet looked all three, and that curiously matched the billowy masses of her hair, which was so warm and silky and with such a glory of light through it that beside it gold looked dull . . ." One wonders a little what the author can have in reserve to bestow on her next heroine, she has endowed this one so liberally, even to three colors for her eyes.

The hero of the book has, on the whole, a somewhat less remarkable physiognomy. But he is a poet, and married. So that the balance of interest is preserved. He develops a tendency to intermittent insanity, which helps along the plot; and his wife, an altogether inferior person, commits suicide at the right moment. The book ends as happily as the most insatiable novel reader could wish.

Meredith—The Master Knot of Human Fate.

By Ellis Meredith. Little, Brown, & Co., \$1.25. This little story, which is almost a parable, has the merit of being simply told. There is about it something delicate and unusual. The theme is the old one,—how very little man needs for his highest happiness.

For the first chapter two people, the only characters in the book, witness a great flood that destroys this entire continent with exception of a peak of the Rocky Mountains. The account of this great catastrophe is told with much dignity and restraint. So well done is it, that the reader for an instant shares the satisfaction of the man and the woman, who cannot realize what they have seen.

But after two people have undergone such a calamity, after they have had to work hard for mere existence, it is a little humorous to hear them conversing (for this new Adam and Eve converse oftener than they talk), "As Browning has it," or "Does not Emerson say?" The literary bee in an author's bonnet has spoiled many a good book, but while it has not improved "The Master Knot," it has not hurt the story fundamentally; for even literary talk cannot spoil the author's excellent conception.

Mumford—Dupes. By Ethel Watts Mumford. Putnam, \$1.50.

"Dupes" is a clever book. Until it is finished and laid down, one does not realize how clever it is. In theme it suggests "The Bostonians," that too-long exposé of spiritualism by Henry James; but whereas his book is tedious in spite of its amusing satire, "Dupes" is short enough and brisk enough in style to carry the reader through it in a single reading. Madame Bonzales, prophetess of a new religion, the mainspring of the book, develops into a life-size picture of charlatanism, by skilful touches which are suggestions rather than descriptions. The love story is subordinate to the weaving of the net that entangles the Bonzales's victims.

Robertson—The Inlander. By Harrison Robertson. Scribner, \$1.50.

Studies of local types in men and women are fascinating occupation. The fine shades of differences, special traits of mental and moral disposition create fresh combinations in moral history. "The Inlander" is a story of that sort, not garnished by the meretricious device of dialect. It is a clever, clean, wholesome love story of inland Tennessee. Paul Rodman, the hero, is not faultless but a gentleman of good birth and fine breeding, and Madge is a womanly girl. Both of them need for their perfecting some tribulation, and they get it—through their own mistakes, as people usually find their trouble.

Sargeant—Daunay's Tower. By Adeline Sargeant. Buckles & Co., \$1.25.

An improbable story which will serve to pass time if one has nothing better to read. The English setting is the best thing about it.

St. John—The Crimson Weed. By Christopher St. John. Holt, \$1.50.

"The Crimson Weed" is rather an unusual story of an Italian woman who is betrayed by an English artist, of her subsequent musical career, and the life of her illegitimate son. The weed of revenge gives the title to the book.

HISTORY

Bradley—The Fight with France for North America. By A. G. Bradley. \$5.00.

There is a delightful freshness about this volume. The whole spirit and the very phraseology are different from the conventional methods usual in the treatment of our history, colonial and ante-revolutionary, as well as that of later date. When we consider the crops of books on every detail of North American history which spring up in one section of English-speaking people, it is odd to read that everything transatlantic is hazy to the English mind. To elucidate one phase of this same history, Mr. Bradley takes up the early war between the British and the French on American soil (1747-1760), not only as being rich in picturesque detail and dramatic situation, but as forming "an important part of the most glorious and epoch-making struggle in which Great Britain was ever engaged." It is a very interesting story as he tells it. If it be true that "throughout the whole hundred and fifty years of French rule in Canada there is no evidence that the well-being of the people was ever for a moment taken into consideration," we can believe that British supremacy was acceptable after the people learned that Englishmen of reality bore no resemblance whatever to the Englishmen of current fiction. The author is thoroughly initiate in his subject and very intelligent in his description of battles and events, and in his discussion of causes and conditions. It is a book well worth reading.

Johnston, McDonald—High-School History of the United States. By Alexander Johnston.

Revised by Wm. MacDonald. Holt, \$1.25.

We take pleasure in noting that this popular school history has been carefully revised and the narration brought down to the beginning of the present year of grace 1901. Its maps and tables make it a convenient library handbook.

Kuhns—The German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania. A Study of the So-called Pennsylvania Dutch. By Oscar Kuhns. Holt, \$1.50.

No one who has knowledge of this subject can refrain from admiring the skill with which Mr. Kuhns has packed the essential elements of his story into so small a compass. He is never turgid, though his array of data is extensive, and he does not fall into the mistake of giving a bare outline. The history, life, religion, and customs of the Pennsylvania Germans are carefully described. The appendix on German family names is most interesting. A full bibliography completes the volume. It is a fine piece of literary work.

McCrary—The History of South Carolina in the Revolution. By Edward McCrary, LL.D. Macmillan, \$3.50.

To his other volumes on South Carolina as a colony, Mr. McCrary had added a bulky book on the History of this State during the struggle for independence. Nine hundred pages on five years of the history of a single State is too much for the general reader. This book has attractions only for the scholar, who will give it a cordial welcome as a genuine contribution to colonial history. The general reader will ultimately receive the results of Mr. McCrary's laborious research in a more diluted and palatable

form. This book contains a mass of interesting information and will rank as an authority on the Revolution in South Carolina. It is worth while to point out one interesting fact which Mr. McCrady brings out, as it shows that already in those days, a community could invoke a principal against an aggressor and at the same time deny its applicability to one hopelessly weaker. The German settlers in the interior of South Carolina opposed the Revolution. "With what grace," they asked, "could the people on the coast appeal to them to join in a war against taxation without representation in the Parliament of England, when, though they had asked and petitioned for it, they were without representation in the Common House of the Assembly here in Carolina? . . . Had they not been called rioters and had not the Charleston militia turned out ready to march against them because they had proposed to come down to the parishes and vote?" Principles usually depend on whose shoe it is that pinches.

Mathews—The French Revolution. By Shailer Mathews, A. M. Longmans, \$1.25.

This well-written little book gives us an interesting sketch of the French Revolution and the causes thereof. It is a compact summary of what the scientific world already knows about this social upheaval. No new views and no new facts are presented. The standpoint is the conventionally sympathetic and apologetic one. The idealization of movements is, if anything, more reprehensible than hero-worship pure and simple. One implies falsification in wholesale, the other only in detail. If this warning as to the author's pro-Revolutionary sympathy be kept always well in mind, the busy reader will find in this readable booklet a convenient means of refreshing his recollections of Taine, Sorel, and Sybel.

MISCELLANEOUS

Cave—Golden Tips. A description of Ceylon and its great Tea Industry. By Henry W. Cane, M.A., F. R. G. S. Illustrated from photographs by the author. Scribner, Imported, \$4.00.

"Golden Tips" may properly be called a sumptuously made book. It is printed on plate paper, gilt-edged, its binding of white ornamented with gold tea leaves(?) is curious and beautiful, and it contains maps, an index, and over two hundred well-reproduced illustrations. It would be an acquisition if only for the pictures. But it is written by a man thoroughly well equipped for his task, both in respect of information and of experience. He describes the principal towns and cities of Ceylon as well as the entire process of tea plucking, withering, rolling, fermenting, and firing, with especial attention to the *crème de la crème* of Ceylon tea, the Broken Orange Pekoe. The style of the book is somewhat impersonal, therefore not anecdotal, but the material is such that the reader wishes to visit the country described, where the hotels are by all odds the best in the East, and where the climate is such that no health resorts in the world can rival those of Ceylon.

Maurice—New York in Fiction. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Dodd, \$1.35 net.

The introduction to this book (which the author prefers to call "Introductory,") fails to introduce. It amounts to a statement that the great American novel remains to be written, that "its characters must be Americans, not Virginians, or Texans, or

Kansans, or Georgians" (which is not a serious deprivation, as there are some forty other States to choose from), and that the coming master will do well to make the Civil War bear the same relation to his masterpiece that the Waterloo campaign bears to "Vanity Fair." Through this rather irrelevant porch, the reader passes into a gallery in which are displayed counterfeit presentations of some three score and ten interiors and exteriors in or near the metropolis, that have been identified as the originals of buildings or other objects described in novels or short stories by Washington Irving, Henry James, Marion Crawford, W. D. Howells, H. C. Bunner, Prof. Matthews, R. H. Davis, T. A. Janvier, Henry Harland, F. Hopkinson Smith, and many others. A glance through this gallery awakens two contrary feelings of surprise: one that there is so much in New York that can be identified in this way; the other, that there is so little of the sort that is of more than local interest. Mr. Maurice has performed his self-imposed task with laudable industry and enthusiasm, and the publishers have given him work a handsome setting.

Shaler—The Individual: A Study of Life and Death. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Appleton, \$1.50.

Professor Shaler's book is profoundly interesting as an expression of the bearing of our latest science on ethical and religious problems. It does not signify that we have here a final interpretation, or one that will be generally accepted by the scientific as an adequate statement of the ethical and religious connotations of physical evolution. The personal equation in the book is a considerable factor. It is this which gives to it no small proportion of its charm. There is a ripe and mellow wisdom in these philosophical reflections that does much to commend to us the scientific teachings to which they are allied, but are not entirely dependent upon these for their significance. They are the product of a singularly fertile and ingenious mind, which has at all times found quite as much satisfaction in the speculative treatment of science as in its purely empirical methods and results.

Professor Shaler's "individual" ranges from that "very permanent kind of person," the primordial atom, to the "piece of work" which Shakspeare found so variously wonderful. He is inclined to think that the atoms are, in their turn, composed of smaller individuals. The largest on the list of his enumeration are the heavenly bodies. But the most interesting are the human stock and lineage. The duration of human life relatively to that of other animals is a subject that affords Professor Shaler opportunity for some of his most valuable discriminations. The ratio of this duration to man's period of growth is seen to be less than the quintuple of other mammals and to be tending to a lower range. In this connection Professor Shaler returns to his very interesting discussion of the effect of man's standing posture on his longevity. The place of organic, and particularly of human, life in the universe is relatively so limited as to give the reader a feeling of almost appalling loneliness, qualified by the consideration that the satellites of many sun-like stars may nourish a life not wholly dissimilar to ours. Such chapters as "The Growth of Sympathy," "Expression of Individuality," "Appreciation of other Individuality," "Fear and Valor," abound in suggestions that are at once interesting and impressive. In the last named of these, as elsewhere, Professor Shaler pays his respects to war in a very

disrespectful manner. He finds in it a survival of barbarism which operates to destroy the flower of our young manhood and to impoverish and corrupt the social stock.

But it is in such chapters as "The Relation of Society to Death," "The Relation of Parent to Child," "The Period of Old Age," "The Utilization of Old Age," "Immortality," that the purpose and spirit of the book find their most adequate expression. The chapters on old age compose a new *De Senectute* which is much more instructive than Cicero's, though it may not attain to the literary permanence of that. Much of the chapter on Immortality is devoted to a plea for a spiritual centre of the universe. The treatment of spiritualism and psychical research is paradoxical. It deprecates such research and yet accepts its finding of the existence of some human intelligences beyond the barriers of death. In his last summing up, Professor Shaler "faintly trusts the larger hope," but the religious outcome of his book is not to be measured by this final adumbration but by the serious and impressive appeal which it makes throughout its general course for some deeper sense of our relation to the universe in which we live.

The Nineteenth Century. A Review of progress during the past one hundred years in the Chief Departments of Human Activity. By thirty-seven selected writers. Putnam, \$2.50.

The conception of this work is laudable; the selection of the writers in a majority of the instances has proven excellent. The purpose of the book was to get a conspectus of the character of the last century. Though not encyclopedic, the scope of the contents justifies the extent of the title. The lines of progress described are, 1. Land and Government, 2. History, 3. Sociology, 4. Literature and Fine Arts, 5. Education and Science, 6. Applied Science, 7. Transportation, 8. War. The writer of the preface thinks that four centuries hence our time will be known as the age of "Darwin."

POETRY AND VERSE

Carman-Hovey—Last Songs from Vagabondia. By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.00.

Somehow the Vagabond note seems a little less spontaneous in these "Last Songs," the third and concluding part of the Carman-Hovey trilogy—than in the first two volumes—"Songs" and "More Songs." It is here though, and is by no means wholly forced. The collection derives special interest, of course, from the fact that, so far as one of the Vagabonds is concerned, it is a posthumous work. Nor is Mr. Carman's "The Lost Comrade" the only threnody in the little book. Indeed, we prefer his poem in memory of the young poet, Philip Henry Savage, to that in which he celebrates the loss of his collaborator. Of pathetic import are the first two of the half-hundred poems—"At the Crossroads" and "At Last, O Death!"—both from the pen now silent. A spirited bit at the end of the book, "The Adventurers," is appropriately tagged with the initials of the Adventurers themselves. Hovey's best work is not between these covers, but what there is of it is so good as to increase our regret at his too early death. The printer, by the way, has turned Falstaff into a Flagstaff, on page 67.

Drummond—The Habitant, and other French-Canadian Poems. By William Henry Drummond, M.D., with an introduction by Louis Fréchette. Illustrated. Putnam, \$2.50.

The fact that this collection of Dr. Drummond's poems, mostly in broken English, is now in its nineteenth thousand, shows that a good thing needs only to be seen in order to be appreciated,—sometimes. There is humor here, and pathos, and good verse making, too.

Griffith—Excursions. By William Griffith. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberley Pub. Co., 50 cts.

These are very brief excursions in verse most of them running to four lines each. The total number of lines is about the same as in the "Ruba'iyat." On the whole, however, we prefer Omar.

Hallard—The Idyls of Theocritus. Translated into English Verse by James Henry Hallard, M. A., Oxon. London. Rivingtons, \$1.50. The translator has aimed "to satisfy the requirements of the exacting scholar, as well as those of the man of letters," and he has succeeded—granting that the man of letters cares more for form than for feeling. The poet, or lover of poetry for its own sake, may not be so well satisfied. These translations (of which this is a second and revised edition) are interesting, but they fail to charm.

Heartsease: a Cycle of Song. London. Nutt, 2s. 6d.

We suspect that these verses were meant to be set to music. They might be sung, but they would sound very silly if read aloud.

Loring—The Stranger. By Mattie Balch Loring. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

These verses were evidently not intended to be sung. Fancy singing this:

"Flung prone
on a hillside a woman lay
Alone
between valley and peak midway, . . .
She moved
and a timorous rabbit fled;
This proved
his instincts wrong; he guessed her dead."

Platt—Poems. By Charles D. Platt. Wessels Co., \$1.25.

Of the first edition of this book, five of the 155 copies are printed on Japanese vellum, and 150 on Strathmore deckle. There are lines "On the Higher Education of Women," and on "Inequality"; and there is an "Ode to a Lemon Pie." We prefer the pie poem. There are others—"On Wedlock," "Audubon," "Roses," etc.—but the Simple Simon in us rises to the pie.

Raymond—A Life in Song. By George Lansing Raymond. Putnam, \$1.00.

After five years, a new edition is published of this one of Professor Raymond's three volumes of verse. It contains much of the author's maturest thought and feeling.

Savage—The Poems of Philip Henry Savage. Edited and introduced by Daniel Gregory Mason. Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.25.

There is true poetry in this volume, but it is not all of it worth while. It may have been worth the author's while to write all of it, but some of it might have been omitted by the compiler. Of the one hundred and seventy pages, seventy or one hundred could be spared; as it is, there is too much sameness about the poems,—too many of them are mere nature jottings. The kenote is effectively struck on the first page of the Shorter Poems:

"Even in the city. I Am ever conscious of the sky," etc. The poet was a son of the poet and preacher who came not long since from Boston to New York. For three years before entering Harvard he travelled for a boot and shoe house. During the last three years of his life he held a position in the Boston Public Library. This volume has a pathetic interest from his death, in 1899, at the age of thirty-one.

Swinburne-Shakespeare—Laus Veneris, and other Poems. By A. C. Swinburne, and Shakespeare's Sonnets have appeared in the series of Lark Classics. Doxey, 50 cts. each.

Thaw—Poems. By Alexander Blair Thaw. Lane, \$1.50.

In a poem addressed "To Poetry" Mr. Thaw professes his whole-souled devotion to the Muses. His earnestness is obvious, and no man of intelligence could cultivate the art poetic without occasionally saying things well. But we miss in these carefully considered and occasionally eloquent verses the musical note of the lyric-writer who is born, not made.

Hulley—Lullabies and Slumber Songs. With a few other Child Verses. By Lincoln Hulley. Lewisburg, Pa. Published by the Author, 75 cts.

Though Mr. Hulley publishes this little book, Mr. Wanamaker "handles" it. We are at a loss, therefore, to know to whom we are indebted for the circular which accompanies the volume and saves us the trouble of reviewing it. From this we learn that "the style is chaste. There are no literary vulgarisms in the book. There are no bad spellings, nor baby-talk, nor slang, nor obsolete terms, nor dialect in it. . . . It is sweet without becoming offensive to the most delicate taste. . . . It is *par excellence* a book for mothers and children." We are neither a mother nor a child, but we can appreciate a lullaby that is so free from bad spelling, slang, dialect, and baby-talk as this:

"Mammy's gwine to eat you cause you's just molasses sweet,
Mammy's sweet persimmon you, guess you can't be beat,
Eyes are a-battin'—teeth a-shinin'—my, but you is neat!
Mammy's little honey boy."

Mr. Hulley is the Professor of History at Bucknell University.

McCarthy—A Round of Rimes. By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston Review Pub. Co., \$1.00. To this volume is prefixed "a brief, prefatory word" by William Hopkins, who explains that the author has asked him to write it, and that "the public has a right to know about its poets." He assures us that Mr. McCarthy writes with facility,—and "essays the heights of Parnassus with a free and independent carriage"; and he is right on both counts.

Morris—Harvest Tide: A Book of Verses. By Sir Lewis Morris. Crowell, \$1.25. This is a very nicely printed book, with a chastely handsome cover in green and gold, and a brief preface in italic types of a font in which an *r* prefixed to a *v* is made to do duty as a *w*. The qualities which have made popular the poetry of the "Knight

of Penbryn" are too familiar to call for present criticism; but the preface to his latest collection arrests attention by its implied promise of continued creative activity. Speaking of himself in the third person, the writer says: "It is perhaps too early even now to announce his definite retirement from the literary field." Sir Lewis is, he tells us, "reminded by the date on the title-page that he is no longer a writer of the nineteenth century alone." This is false modesty. The author of "Harvest Tide" never was a writer of one century alone; as Ben Johnson said of the author of "To be, or not to be?"—he is "not of an age, but for all time."

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

Bullen—With Christ at Sea. A Personal Record of Religious Experience on Board Ship for Fifteen Years. By Frank T. Bullen. Stokes, \$1.50.

Let no one suppose that this is a work of dull piety. The writer possesses a power of literary vivacity, which renders his narrative charming—more charming than many a romance. It is the narrative of a Christian sailor who was a good seaman and a manly man.

Gordon—The New Epoch for Faith. By George A. Gordon, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.

There is no worthier representative of the newer religious thinking than Dr. Gordon, and this book holds much of his ripest thought. His spiritual insight is deep and clear. Surely he has a message for his time. That the Incarnation means that God speaks to man through man is a truth of orthodoxy which he has caught. Also he understands the flow of the religious forces in the last two centuries. The book is full of suggestions and inspirations, and may confidently be recommended.

Mortimer—The Eucharistic Sacrifice. An Historical and Theological Investigation of the Sacrificial Conception of the Holy Eucharist in the Christian Church. By the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer, D.D. Longmans, \$3.00.

Dr. Mortimer says that his purpose in writing this book is to show what theories of the Eucharistic Sacrifice are incompatible with the Catholic faith, what are lacking in ancient authority and what doctrines of the Sacrifice are necessary to be believed. His method is distinctly scholastic. While he does not quote Franzelin, his position is about the same as that Cardinal's,—modern ultramontanism. Dr. Mortimer is clear headed and well read—in this department.

Newport—Endemon, Spiritual and Natural. The Apology of a Preacher for Preaching. By David Newport. Lippincott, \$3.00.

Every one knows how George Fox kept a journal, and that that journal is to this day, one of the most precious of books in our tongue. Mr. Newport's book is a Quaker's journal after the fashion of the founder of the Society of Friends. A *journal intime* is bound to be interesting. Mr. Newport read and meditated and got to know himself. Therefore his record is worth while. The student of human character will find it entertaining.

TRAVEL

Borchgrevink—First on the Antarctic Continent. Being an account of the British Antarctic Expedition. By C. E. Borchgrevink, F. R. G. S., Commander of the Expedition. With portraits, maps, and 186 illustrations. Scribner's, \$3.00.

The result of almost two years of hardship and labor is embodied in this record of the Norwegian-British expedition to Antarctic regions commanded by Borchgrevink in 1898-1900. Fourteen men at least had seen that southern continent, from afar, but the "Southern Cross" staff and crew were the first to invade it and establish camps. The life on board ship after the farewell receptions at home, the contrivances that made existence endurable, and all the events that contributed to give the expedition interest are described in a humorous, conversational, yet scientific way which furnishes very good reading. The book is profusely illustrated with (as a rule) indifferently reproduced photographs distributed almost at random through the book, and contains three maps made by William Calbeck, R. V. R., magnetic observer of the staff; an appendix, and an index.

Holdich—The Indian Borderland 1880-1900. By Colonel Sir T. Hungerford Holdich. Methuen, 15s.

The first feature that strikes the reader of this book is the remarkable pictures of the walled cities, the fortresses and the mountains and mountain passes of Baluchistan, Afghanistan and Turkistan. Then as

you peruse his pages you find the author a minute observer of every detail of the land and of the people. He does not prose. His style is vivid. He moves on rapidly. We cannot imagine any work better calculated to give the reader a more definite idea of these strange lands and their little known inhabitants than Col. Holdich's.

Little—Mont Omi and Beyond. By Archibald John Little. Heinemann, London, 7s. 6d.

The everlasting Eastern question and the relations thereto of Russia and England have led the English to explore as completely as possible the borderland north of India. This book has been written to describe as completely as possible the characteristics of that land and its people. Mr. Little is a keen and minute observer. Few things could have escaped him and he writes in an easy flowing manner which renders his pages readable. In addition to this his theme is a land and people of which little has hitherto been known to us.

Wilson—China. Travels and investigations in the "Middle Kingdom"—A study of its civilization and possibilities. Together with an account of the Boxer War etc. Third edition. By James Harrison Wilson. Brevet Major-General U. S. A. Appleton, \$1.75.

The solid value of this book is attested by our War Department that has designated it for use in the army. The present edition brings the account from 1886 down to the present time. In thus extending the story General Wilson has rewritten it throughout, so that the third edition is in reality a new book.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of THE CRITIC by the librarians of the libraries mentioned or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK.

Mechanic's Institute Library. H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

East London. Besant. (Century Co., \$3.50.)

Landmark History of New York. Ulmann. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Four Hundred Laughs. Kemble. (New Amsterdam Book Co., 75c.)

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Tarbell. (McClure, Phillips Co., \$2.50.)

The Love Letters of Victor Hugo. (Harper, \$3.00.)

French Revolution. Matthews. (Longmans, \$1.25.)

Flame, Electricity and the Camera. Ills. (Double-day, Page & Co., \$2.00.)

War in South Africa. Mahan. (Russell, \$5.00.)

Herod. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.50.)

China. Wilson. (Appleton, \$1.75.)

Most Popular Novels.

Silver Skull. Crocket. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

New York Mercantile Library. W. T. PROPLES, Librarian.

The Siege of Kumassi. Hodgson. (Longmans, \$4.00.)

In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan. Deasy. (Longmans, \$5.00.)

Highways and Byways in East Anglia. Dutt. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)

Mount Omi and Beyond. Little. (Heinemann, \$3.50.)

Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope. Vachell. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

Napoleon: Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

In and around the Grand Canyon. James. (Little, Brown & Co., \$3.00.)

The Private Life of King Edward VII. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

The Story of my Life. Hare. (Dodd, Mead & Co., vols. 3 and 4, \$7.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Column. Marriott. (Lane, \$1.50.)

New York Society Library, University Place.

F. B. BIGELOW, *Librarian.*

My Autobiography. Müller. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page, & Co., \$1.50.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Wilkins. (Stone, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Napoleon: Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)

The Story of my Life. Hare. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., vols. 3 and 4, \$7.50.)

Paul Jones. Buell. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$3.00.)

Memoirs of Baroness Cecile de Courtot. (Holt, \$2.00.)

Six Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover. Tytler. (Unwin, 6s.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane, \$1.50.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Public Library. GEO. A. SCOVILLE, *Librarian.*

The Transit of Civilization. Eggleston. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Paris of To-day. Whiteing. (Century Co., \$5.00.)

A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton-Thompson. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)

Hand-Book of Photography in Colors. Bolas, Tallerit and Servior. (Anthoney, \$2.50.)

Philippines. Robinson. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$2.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

Pratt Institute Free Library. MARY W.

PLUMMER, *Librarian.*

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

A Solitary Summer. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton-Thompson. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Talks to Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Jersey City Free Public Library. ESTHER E.

BURDICK, *Librarian.*

Napoleon: the Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)

Short History of the English People. Green. (Harper, \$1.20.)

Political Parties in the United States. Hopkins. (Putnam, \$2.00.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

The Historical Novel and Other Essays. Matthews. (Scribner, \$1.25.)

The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead, & Co., \$1.50.)

Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

Most Popular Novel.

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

ATLANTA, GA.

Carnegie Library. ANNE WALLACE, *Librarian.*

New Life. Dante: Norton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)

Decameron. Boccaccio. (Chatto & Windus, \$3.00.)

Anecdotes of Great Musicians. Gates. (Presser, \$1.50.)

The Courtier. Hoby. (Nutt, \$7.50.)

Life of General Forrest. Wyeth. (Harper, \$4.00.)

Military Hist. U. S. Grant. Badeau. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

A Study of Wagner. Newman. (Putnam, \$3.75.)

Poems of Sidney Lanier. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Mental Evolution of Man. Romanes. (Appleton, \$3.00.)

Evolution of Man. Haeckel. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Bridgeport Public Library. AGNES HILLS, Librarian.

Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper, \$2.50.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

Stoddard's Lectures. Stoddard. (Belford, \$30.00.)

Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell, \$1.50.)

The Story of my Life. Hare. (Dodd, Mead & Co., vols. 3 and 4, \$7.50.)

Napoleon: the Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)

A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton-Thompson. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)

The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo Public Library. H. L. ELMENDORF, Librarian.

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Napoleon: the Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. Twain. (Harper, \$1.75.)

Herod. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.50.)

Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell, \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

Public Library. FREDK. H. HILD, Librarian.

Mark Twain's Works.

Coffin's Histories.

Abbott's Histories.

Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

The Great Boer War. Doyle. (Morang, \$1.50.)

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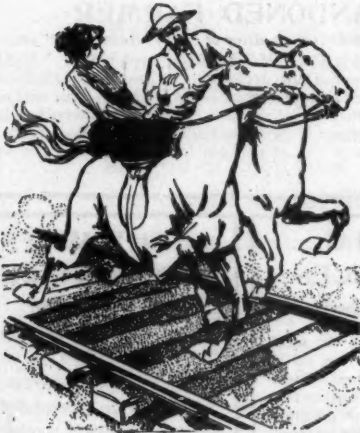
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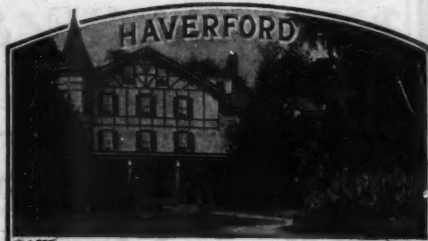
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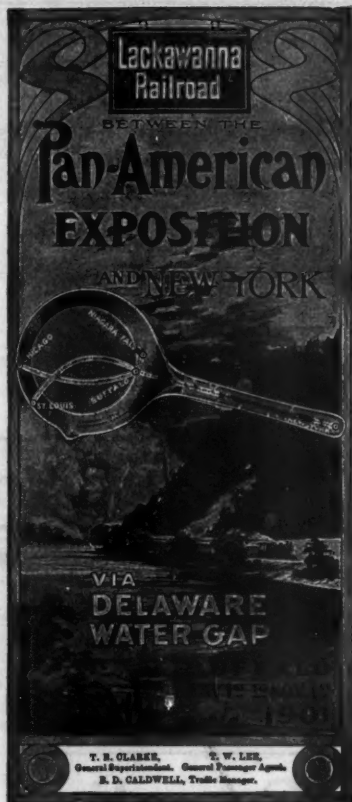
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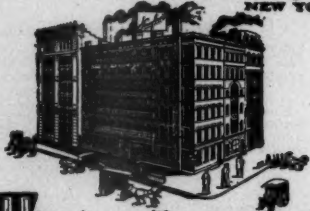
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"I use the word 'popular' with some misgiving," says the author: "for a conscientious naturalist may well ask himself if it be possible to write a popular work which does not contain the usual preponderance of error and false statement. I will only say that while the desire has been present to make these pages readable, no effort has been spared to render them accurate. Many of the observations are new; nearly all are original, and every statement of fact is believed to be true as it stands. That a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush may be a good motto for the anatomist or epicure, but for the observer of living animals a bird within reach of the hand and still in the bush is of far greater worth. The problem is how to see and not be seen. If a bird is actually caught and kept in a cage or put under restraint in any way, its behavior is no longer perfectly natural and free, at least not until all fear has been subdued and it is no longer wild but tame.

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The author explains the plan of his work as follows:

"Though I regard the study of Logic as essential to the cultivation and the use of the reasoning powers,—and hence as indispensable to the Moral Sciences,—yet it is chiefly as a test or criterion of fallacy that I propose to treat it. This use of it will, of course, necessitate some consideration of the elementary principles and rules of Logic as necessary to the understanding of the Doctrine of the Fallacies. But this part of my essay will be abbreviated to the utmost extent consistent with this object; that is to say, I will try to include everything essential to the understanding of the rudiments of Logic, but nothing more. If I should fail in this, and anything necessary should be omitted, the defect may be readily obviated by reference to the work of Whately, who, among elementary writers, may be regarded (in any true sense of the word) as the last of the logicians.

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